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NO. VI.

THE FORTUNES OF THE MAID OF ARC.

THE CAPTURE.

YORK. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast,
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty. KING HENRY VI.

DAYS, weeks, and months elapsed ! The King, now such in truth, with his victorious army and triumphant leaders, swept onward unresisted ; town, after town, opened its gates ; district, after district, sent out its crowds to hail the royal liberator, chanting the hymn of victory, the proud *Te Deum*. Twice, since the coronation, had the rival armies met, once at Melun, and once again before the walls of Dammartin ; — and twice had the wily Bedford declined the battle ; not however as the friends of Charles, intoxicated with success, imagined in their vanity, through doubt or fear ; — but from deep craft, and dangerous policy. Well had he studied human nature, in its lights as in its shadows, in its day of exultation as in its moments of despair — that ablest of the British chieftains. He saw that his own men were dispirited, and beaten down, as by a thunderbolt, under the dominant influences of superstition. On the other hand, he saw that the French were elated to the skies, buoyed up beyond the present reach of danger or despondency, by a confidence in their divinely-chartered leader ; and, farther yet than this, by a proud consciousness of their own strength and valor. In such a state of things, in either host, it needed not the penetration of a Bedford to discover, that, till some change should come about, it would be worse than madness to try the field. He waited therefore — but he waited like the tiger, when he meditates his spring. His knowledge of mankind assured him that, ere long, success would lead to carelessness, incaution to reverses, and reverses to the downfall of that high spirit, which had, in truth, been the winner of all the victories of Charles.

Bedford was not deceived ! Ingratitude, the bane alike of monarchs and republics — “ ingratitude more strong than traitors’ arms ” — struck

the first blow, — fate did the rest. On every side the English were trenched in with new opponents, or encumbered with false friends, irresolute allies! In Normandy the constable of France was up and doing; and so celebrated were his talents, so rapid his manœuvres, and so formidable his increase of power, that the regent deemed it wise to quit at once the walls of Paris, against which the maiden and the king were even then advancing, that he might make head, while there was yet time, against this fresh assailant. Scarce had he marched, when with Xaintrailles and Dunois, and all his best and bravest, Charles hurried to seize, as he expected, by an easy and almost unresisted charge, his country's capital.

At the first, too, it seemed as though his towering hopes were again about to be rewarded with success. Beneath a storm of shafts and bolts from bow and arbalest, with the holy banner of the maiden, and the dark green oriflamme displayed, the chivalry of France rushed on against the guarded barriers, Joan leading, as was her wont, the van! Down went the outer palisades, beneath the ponderous axes; the defenders had scarce time to breathe a prayer, before the living flood of horse rushed over them! Down went the barricade! and on! still on, they charged! The Barbican was won, despite the shower of cloth-yard arrows, and the streams of boiling oil and blazing pitch, that fell from embrasure, crenelle, and battlement. A single moat alone lay between them and Paris. The inner walls, weakly defended, and devoid of ordnance, were all that barred out the monarch from his heritage.

"What ho! our squires," shouted Joan, curbing her charger, on the brink of the fosse; "What ho! — bring up our pavesses! — ladders to scale the rampart, — hooks to force down the drawbridge! Lo! the knave bowmen muster on the walls — our cross-bows to the front — St. Denys, and God aid!"

"St. Mary!" cried Dunois, who, erect in his stirrups, was making desperate but fruitless efforts to sever the chains of the drawbridge with his espaldron — "St. Mary, we are lost, an these false varlets tarry! What ho! bring mantelets and pavesses, or we shall perish, like mere beasts of game, beneath this archery of England!"

As he spoke shaft after shaft rattled against his Milan coat, but bounded off innocuous and blunted! Not so his comrades; for the fatal aim of that brave yeomanry brought down full many a gallant knight, full many a blooded charger! yet ever and anon the battle-cry rose fiercely from the rear, "On! on! St. Denys and God aid!" While pressing forward, to partake the sack which they believed to be in actual progress, the squadrons of reserve cut off alike the possibility of succor and retreat!"

"Ha!" shouted Dunois once again, as he snatched a cross-bow from the hands of a cowering Genoese, and launched its heavy quarrel against the archers. "Ha! good bow!" The sturdy peasant fell headlong

from the rampart; but what availed the death of one! Again and again, the steady arm of the bastard shot certain death among them, while, confident in his impenetrable harness, he defied their slender missiles — but it was useless. A louder shout from the battlements, a closer volley — and with a faint cry, between a shriek of anguish and a shout of triumph, the maiden reeled in her stirrups, and fell heavily to earth! “Back — back!” was now the word. “Save him who can! Flight is our only chance!” and they did *fly* in hopeless disarray — trampling down, aye! and smiting with the sword those of their countrymen, who were stretched wounded beneath their horses’ feet, or who, bolder than the rest, would have persuaded or compelled them to return! Dunois alone escaped the base contagion; he had already sprung from his *destrier* to rescue the dismounted maiden, when Gaucourt and La Hire seized him by either arm, and dragged him into the press, from which no efforts of his own availed to extricate him, till the last barricade was passed. Then, then, at length, they paused; aware, for the first time, that they were unpursued; that no foe had sallied; no cause prevented the otherwise inevitable capture of the metropolis, save their own want of concert and unreasonable panic.

“False friends, and craven soldiers!” cried Dunois in low and choking tones; “dearly, right dearly, shall ye rue this foul desertion! The Maid of Arc, the liberator of our country, the crowner of our king, the prophet of our God, lies wounded, if not already made a captive, before the gates of Paris! Ho! then to the rescue. Rescue for the Maid of Arc! A Dunois to the rescue!”

But no kindred chords were stricken in the breasts of his companions, Xaintrilles was silent — De la Hire bit his lip, and played with the hilt of his two-handed sword; — Gaucourt shrugged his strong shoulders, and muttered words inarticulate, or lost within the hollow of his helmet; — but Charles himself — the deepest debtor to the maiden, who had raised him from ignominy and defeat to triumph and a crown — Charles himself answered coldly, “As thou wilt, fair cousin; be it as thou wilt; but methinks she is already past reach of rescue, even if those knave archers have not secured their prisoner, within the walls of Paris. An hour hath flown since that same arrow pierced her!”

“And if yon English archers have secured her — what are yon English archers but men — and men whose backs we have beheld more often than their visages while Joan was here to lead us? And if she be within the walls of Paris — what are those walls but stone and mortar — less strong, less lofty, and less ably manned, than scores which Joan has mounted? And what are we — that we should see the champion of our country perish, without one struggle to preserve her? My Liege — my Liege — this is cold counsel, not to say coward! If Charles owe nothing to the savior of his diadem, Dunois at least will spare him the reproach of Christendom for base ingratitude!” Thus the bold bastard

spoke — he unclasped the fastenings of his casque, and, waving it aloft in his right hand, he galloped back alone on his chivalrous and christian errand.

Shame at length prevailed! First one, and then another knight, turned bridle, and spurred steed, to follow — a dozen left the monarch's presence! a score! a hundred! but gallop as they might, they could not overtake black Olivier — they reached the shattered barbican — Dunois had vanished beneath its gloomy portal, flinging his casque before him into the lines of the enemy! His followers might hear it clash and rattle on the pavement; but ere those sounds had ceased, they caught the din of arms, and over all the shout of Dunois, "Orleans! Orleans to the rescue!"

Well had it been for Joan that when she fell, her foemen were parted from her by full moat, and locked portcullis. A captain of the guard had recognized her person; but in their eagerness to prevent the ingress of the foe, they had prevented their own power of sallying. The keys were in charge of the governor; the governor was in the far Bastile — a watch was set upon the turrets with commands to shoot her to the death should she attempt to escape; a messenger was despatched in all haste to the citadel to seek the keys. Once, as she rallied from the effects of her wound, the maiden raised her head, and on the instant an arrow grazed her crest! With the speed of light the truth flashed on her mind, and she lay passive, hoping, yet hardly daring to expect, a rescue. An hour passed — an hour, that seemed longer, to the faint and tortured girl, than a whole day of battle! There was a bustle on the walls; — the blocks of the drawbridge creaked and groaned; — the chains clashed heavily — it fell! The bolts of the heavy gate shot back, the leaves were violently driven open; — armed footsteps clanked along the timbers of the bridge. An archer on the ballium bent his yew bow, and drew the silken cord back to his ear; for he had seen a movement in the form, which had lain motionless so long that he had deemed it lifeless! She had drawn her limbs, which had lain at their full extent, beneath her, as though in readiness for a spring; she had clutched her dagger, in desperate resolution to be slain, not taken. The yeoman's aim was true; the point of the arrow ranged with an aperture in the damsel's corslet; death had been certain had he loosed the string.

"Nay; shoot not, Damian; the witch is well nigh sped already; and our comrades close on her haunches! Lo, even now they hold her!"

The archer lowered his weapon at the warden's sign; and in truth relief did seem so hopeless, rescue so far beyond the bounds of possibility, that to have shot might well have been deemed an act of needless mercy. The foremost soldier had already stretched out his hand to seize her, when she started to her feet, and, as the man, thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the movement, faltered, sheathed her poniard in his throat! At the same point of time the empty helmet of Dunois roll-

ed clanging through the archway; and the bold bastard, whose approach had been unheard amid the tumult of the sally, dashed bareheaded on the scene of action. His axe was brandished round his head, then hurled with the directness and almost with the force of a thunderbolt; — the captain of the guard was dashed lifeless to the earth; and ere they had recovered from their surprise, another and another of the captors bit the dust around him. “In! in!” shouted a loud voice from the walls; “In, Englishmen! Room for the archery!” but the confusion was too great. Their momentary panic past, the knights of France redeemed their character; there was no check, no faltering; bravely, as Dunois had charged, they followed him; and ere the sallying party had sufficient time, by bugle note and banner-cry, to rally and recross the bridge, a score of the pursuers had passed the barbican, and filled the esplanade.

Down thundered the portcullis, and uprose the bridge; leaving the wretches who had sallied forth in haughty triumph, to a miserable fate. And miserable was that fate, in sooth! No quarter — none! the axe, the sword, the poniard — the keener blow, the quicker mercy; and still so close was the *melée*, that not a bowman drew his string, lest he should slay a comrade. As soon as he had been relieved, Dunois had borne the damsel, still faint and stunned, to the rear-guard.

“Ha! is it thou, Gaucourt?” he muttered; “thou wert but backward even now! Save her, however, save her. As well *thou* as any other.”

He spoke in scorn, and well the other knew it, yet not for that dared he to bandy words with the best chevalier of France! With a calm eye he saw her borne to a place of safety, and then with a slow step, turned again to join the conflict; but it was well nigh over: a few wounded and weary Britons on foot, and unarmed, save their short swords and quarter staves — frail weapons against mace and two-handed falchion — staggered to and fro, blind with their wounds, yet battling it to the last against unnumbered odds, while their own comrades stood aloft, unable to protect or rescue them.

“Hold off your hands, fair sirs,” the bastard shouted in a voice of thunder; “hold off your hands! our victory is won; our prize is gained; the maiden is in safety. Draw off then fairly — front to the walls — retire!”

It was sufficient; rescue or no rescue, that frail remnant yielded them to the kind mercies of the conqueror; and with a single and well-ordered movement the paladins drew off their forces, the best armed and best mounted facing the ramparts to the last, though the arrow-shots fell fast around them, till their feebler comrades had filed from out the barbican. Once through the archway, the whole line halted in a serried line of lances, and awaited the commands of him of Orleans.

“Xaintrailles,” he cried, “lead on! Gaucourt hath borne the maiden hence erewhile; commend me to the King; lead on! adieu!”

With a heavy tramp the knights passed onward, but the Count de Xaintrailles paused; "And whither," he said, "whither thou?"

"My casque," replied Dunois, "lies by the fosse of Paris; I go to win it back, or lay my head beside it!"

"I too, Dunois, I too!" answered the count, "bareheaded *thou* amidst the shafts of those rogue archers, and that untended? never, by the bones of my father — never!"

"Tarry, then, thou, and hold me Olivier, till I go fetch it thence," cried Dunois; then, without waiting a reply, he flung the rein to his companion, and holding his triangular buckler aloft, strode steadily forth into the open space, whereon no shelter intervened to dazzle the eyes of the archers, or to protect the object of their aim.

As first he crossed the threshold of the barbican a dozen arrows rattled against his armor, while a hundred others aimed at the portal whizzed through it harmlessly. Still he advanced, unharmed as yet and fearless: again the bows were bent, again the shafts were notched and fitted to the string.

"Hold, for your lives, ye varlets; harm him not," cried a voice of authority. "Now by my faith it is Dunois! My noble friend, what would'st thou?"

"Ha! Salisbury, good knight and true," returned the Frenchman; "I knew not thou wert here! Gramercy for thy caution, else had it fared with me right hardly. There lies my casque, beside the fosse; I flung it there anon to win it thence, as best I might, by strong heart and keen blade! Come down, I prithee, Salisbury; that we may prove it here which is the better knight; thou hast the vantage on thine head, but hold thine archery aloof and I will stand the venture!"

"Who looses a shaft dies!" shouted the baron, as he perceived a hostile movement among his soldiery, at the bold vaunt; "and thou, Dunois, take up thy casque, and get thee hence betimes, else will these knaves riddle thee despite me! Begone, fair sir, and trust me we shall meet, and that right early!"

"Thanks for thy courtesy, and trust me, Salisbury, times shall go hard with Orleans if he requite it not!"

He donned his helmet, waved his hand to his renowned antagonist, and joined his comrade, as carelessly as though he had but parted from him in the joyous chase, and returned to his side bearing the sylvan trophies at his saddle bow.

It was dark night when they reached the host, in triumph it is true, for they had saved the savior of France; but in the host there was no triumph, no confidence, no hope! The first blow had been stricken; the wheel of fortune had turned once round upon its downward revolution; the victors had been vanquished. The maid herself, through her surgeons spoke but lightly of the wound, was in a sad despondent mood far different from her wonted spirit.

"Now," she said, "now would I willingly go hence ; my task is ended ; my race run !"

"Wherefore," enquired her preserver ; "wherefore this dark presentiment : is aught revealed to thee, from those who sent thee on thy mission ? or hast thou warning of thy death in any thing ?"

"Not so !" she answered ; "I know but this — God sent me hither ; sent me to raise the siege of Orleans ; to crown my king at Rheims — no more ! Than this I have no further mission : no farther duty ! Oh ! may it please the King to spare his servant !"

From that day forth the star of Charles declined ; no other attempt was made on the metropolis ; no stricken field was fought, no boroughs taken ; the ardor of the troops was frittered away in trifling skirmishes, wherein the English gained as much, as the French lost, of confidence. Ere long the tables were turned once again ; the chivalry of France retired to their separate demesnes, their vassals withdrew to their *metairies*, the armies were disbanded. A few scattered garrisons were maintained in fortified towns and castles, while the troops of Bedford kept the field, and again ventured to open their trenches, and beleaguer their late victorious foemen. Compiègne, closely invested, was well-nigh driven to surrender, by the united force of England and of Burgundy ; with a selected company Joan beat up their quarters one moonless and tempestuous night, spiked half their battering cannon, and without the loss even of a single serjeant, made good her entrance to the town. For a brief space the spirits of the citizens surged up against the pressure of calamity ; the valor of the maiden relumed for awhile their falling fortunes, shining out itself more brightly, as it drew nigher to the hour of its extinction. Day after day some new annoyance of the enemy was devised : at one time a convoy was cut off ; at another a picquet utterly destroyed ; — now a mine exploded beneath the trenches ; and then, while the attention of the assailants was attracted to one quarter, provisions, men, and munitions were introduced from another. The summer passed away with its gay flowers, and bright hopes — autumn wore onward with its sere foliage, its brilliant skies, and all the melancholy thoughts it cannot fail to conjure up in every feeling bosom — winter drew nigh with its first hoar-frosts, and its nipping showers ; the trees were leafless, the earth was coated with a sheet of crisp and stainless white. Again the spirits of the besieged waxed faint and drooping ; their garnered stores were wasted, their wells were dried, their wine-butts had run low. Famine and despair had traced their painful lines on every countenance ; the hopes of all were at the lowest ebb. In this dark crisis the maiden saw the need of instant energy. "We will cut our way through them," she cried, "once again ! With our good swords and gallant steeds, will we win us provender : courage ; St. Denys and God aid."

The wind wailed mournfully as she set forth, before the dawn of day, on this her last excursion ; the atmosphere was raw and gusty ; a thin

drizzling rain had saturated every plume and banner, till they drooped upon their helmets, or clung around their staves in dismal guise of sorrow; the very horses hung their heads, and neither pawed nor pranced at the call of the war-trumpet. It was remembered too in after-days that the consecrated sword of Joan, rusted perchance by the dank air of morning, seemed loath to leave the scabbard; and that her charger swerved as in terror, though there was nought in sight, from the city gates, and could be forced beyond the threshold only by the utmost of the rider's strength and skill.

"Once more in the free air," she cried exultingly; "once more on a fair field, with France's foes before us! Charge then, my friends; charge cheerily; charge all! better to fall beneath the buckler bravely, than to perish piecemeal in the guarded chamber! The standard of our God is waving o'er us: the soil of our birth is beneath our feet. Victory is in our hands; vengeance and victory! Once more we cry 'God aid! St. Denys, and set on!'"

And they did set on right bravely: straightways they charged against the lines, passed them, and all was theirs. A joyous gallop through the open fields; a scattering of convoys; a gathering of rich booty; and with droves of oxen, wains groaning beneath the weight of forage, they turned them homewards at night-fall. A furious onslaught on the British outposts, which lay betwixt the river and the town, led on by Joan in person, was successful; the troops of Burgundy, already on the alert, rushed to the rescue, leaving their own trenches vacant or feebly guarded. The strife was short, but furious — a shrill bugle note from the farther gates of the beleaguered city gave note that the last wain had entered: on the instant the maid drew off her skirmishers, and, wheeling her divided forces to the left hand and the right, rode hastily toward the gate, so to effect her entrance.

Thus far the night had favored them with friendly darkness; now, when their peril was the greatest, the moon burst out in garish brilliancy, revealing every object for miles around as clearly as it would have shewed beneath a mid-day sun. The maiden's stratagem was marked, and, as she wheeled around the walls, a heavy force of archery and men at arms, dismounted for the purpose, stole secretly along their trenches, to cut off her retreat. Such, however, was the rapidity of her manœuvres, that she had reached the barrier before them; her comrades were about her — the bridge was lowered — her triumph was achieved! Soldier after soldier filed inward; yet still she sate upon her docile steed, the last to enter, as she had been the first to gallop forth. All had passed in but three, when there arose a shout of "Burgundy — a Luxembourg for Burgundy;" and forth from the trenches, under cover of a heavy volley, rushed the dismounted troopers.

"Stand to your arms, true friends," cried the undaunted maiden; "courage, and all is well!"

All was in vain; one squire turned his steed to join her, but an arrow pierced his vizor, and he dropped from his saddle a dead man. The hoof-tramps of the others, as they dashed across the bridge, smote heavily on her heart — she was deserted! *Yet* — there was *yet*, time! She whirled her weapon from its scabbard — she smote down a wretch, whose hand was on her bridle-rein; she dashed her spurs into the fleet Arab's side; one other bound had placed her on the drawbridge; it had begun to rise slowly; the dark planks reared their barrier against her; — “Treason!” she called aloud, in notes of superhuman shrillness; “Lower the bridge! Ho! treason!”

As she spoke, an arrow quivered in her charger's flank; erect he bounded from the earth ten feet aloft; — another pierced his brain, and he plunged headlong! Still, as he fell beneath her, she kept her footing, and with a fearless mien faced her assailants. Even yet one sally — one charge of a determined handful had preserved her; but the charge — the sally came not; the bridge swung to its elevation, and was there secured.

“Yield, Joan, I take thee to surrender; I, John de Ligny-Luxembourg;” and with the words a stately knight sprang forward to receive her weapon; and with a vengeance did he receive it. The burghers from the ramparts, whereon they hurried to and fro, incapable, from very terror, of exertion, beheld her, as she met him. Her eyes, they said, flashed fire through the bars of her closed vizor, and her stature showed loftier than its wont! Down came the consecrated blade upon the crest of Luxembourg — the sparks, which sprang up from the dented casque, *alone* had proved the shrewdness of the blow — but the strong warrior reeled beneath the stroke, like a weak infant! Had the sword done its duty, the stout John de Ligny had never more stirred hand or foot; but, like all else, the sword was faithless! It shivered to the grasp, and she stood weaponless! A dark cloud passed before the moon, and the faint-hearted watchers beheld not the capture of the Maiden; but the reiterated shouts of thousands, the din of trump and nakir, the shot of calivers, and the deep roar of ordnance announced to the inhabitants of many a league, that the champion of her king and country had been betrayed by faithless friends to unrelenting foemen!

TO ORNITHOLOGISTS.

Ye lead a pleasant life amid the birds —
 The sweet-voiced poets of the air;
 Ye watch by hours, in joy, their shining troops
 That gently wheel and marshal there.

The sky is o'er you, and your wayward feet
 For ever tread the pathless wood;
 While strangers, bright and swift as rainbows, greet
 Your vision in the solitude.

The fancy-notes that softly fall around
 Have charms beyond the artist's skill:
 The clarion, lute, and studied violin
 Yield to the songster's tuneful bill.

The lark, the goldfinch, and the yellow thrush,
 Untaught in Paganini's school,
 Can thrum the air with native notes, which all
 The famed Italian's accents fool.

And Fashion's aping slaves! where will ye buy
 Such Tyrian vestments as they wear?
 With hues, like morning's best, to charm the eye,
 And bid poor mimic Art despair.

—Embodied Iris! as thou art, fair bird —
 Winged rainbow! flitting far and fast —
 Thy notes steal forth, like music from a cloud
 In sunset glory hastening past.

To you* — ye Newtons of the middle air —
 Whose planets are the same in light
 And life and hue, with added power to bear
 Their starlike forms in circling flight,

—To you, this glorious page to read, is given,
 Of artless sounds and gorgeous hues, —
 While o'er your path the light form driven,
 Must seem for aye like Nature's Muse!

C. M.

* The Ornithologists.

THE CRUISE OF THE VENUS.

THUS said the rover
 To his gallant crew :
 "Up with the black flag !
 Down with the blue !
 Fire on the main top !
 Fire on the bow !
 Fire on the gun-deck !
 Fire down below !"

SEA SONG.

THERE are few persons, arrived at advanced years and standing high in the world's esteem, renowned for gravity and wisdom, who do not take a secret pleasure in occasionally reviewing those boyish follies which their maturer age must publicly condemn. Thus Justice Shallow, grave and reverend senior as he was, could chuckle at the remembrance of his youthful freaks in the Temple, where they "talked of Mad Shallow" long after he had left it. And thus I, Erastus Smith, a humble dweller of our northern Athens, a forlorn wielder of the birch, a patient expounder of the classics, with silvery locks o'ershadowed by a hat of a most patriarchal breadth of brim, sometimes in the silent watches of the night smile at the scenes that my memory recalls ; and although the pleasure be transient and followed by a pang, still my reminiscences are not all bitter. Thy form, my friend — thy form — lost Allan Moore ! appears in every picture of the past. These tears, they flow unbidden — the weakness of dotage. Why should I weep ? 'Tis true thou sleepest many a fathom deep in the Atlantic, so far from the blue shore thou lovedst, that the wing of the osprey grows feeble as he journeys from thy birth-place to thy grave ; but what of that ? Didst thou not fall like a hero ? Was not the deck wet with thy blood ? Didst thou not die when thy country's flag was brightest ; and when wind and wave, shout and shot, sang their stormiest requiem above thee ? I, too, knew the war of the wave — but no more of this.

Many years ago my family resided in New-York, and my father, like Fanny's, kept

"A retail dry goods' shop in Chatham-street."

I was an only son, and spoiled of course. I played truant when I chose, and this was whenever the weather was settled and pleasant, or whenever my lamented friend, Allan Moore, was willing to join me in an excursion on the water. Allan was the son of a retired naval officer, and had an hereditary passion for the sea. He was a handsome, active,

warm-hearted, noble fellow — the idol of his parents and friends. We were as inseparable as two knights companions in the days of chivalry. Allan and I passed a good deal of our time upon the water, and were considered first-rate amateur sailors. Allan's father owned a sloop, which we were at liberty to use whenever we went upon any comparatively long voyage. She was as fine a craft, for her size, as ever walked the water, and we kept her in apple-pie order. We were generally accompanied in our excursions by three or four stout seamen, and a negro who officiated as cook. As my father disapproved of such proceedings, I never let him into the secret of our voyages; nor was Watkins, his head clerk, acquainted with it. Jerry Watkins was a stout, inelegant, country lad, who "stuck to the shop," and was a very money-getting character and sharp in his way. But removed from the counter, he was a mere dolt; the prey of every designing fellow, and hated for the absurd tone of his boastings. Thus he would constantly declare that it was impossible to hoax him, while he could never join a mixed company without being the dupe of some adept. His surly humor and absurd vanity induced me not unfrequently to play tricks upon him. It varied the monotony of my life. On one occasion, having obtained leave of absence for a week, I communicated to Allan a plan for carrying Watkins to sea with us. Allan was delighted, and Tom Halliard, a sailor whose services we had engaged for our brief trip, a right sea-dog, was instructed how to play his part. The plot will be developed in due time.

On the evening preceding our departure, Allan and I invited Watkins to take a parting glass with us in the Banner House, a well-known tavern. He was there at the appointed hour. The conversation turned upon the sea.

"Watkins," said Allan, "were you ever off dry land?"

"Never, Sir, never. Have n't made my will yet — consider it a mere tempting of Providence."

"Lord, Watty," said I, "there's no danger in it — no more than in sitting on your tripod in the counting-room. I'm surprised at your want of courage."

I have mentioned that Watkins was a great boaster. He drank off three or four glasses of port in quick succession, and then said, "I don't want courage, Mr. Smith, by any means. I think I've shown that often enough. But I don't like the sea."

At this juncture Tom Halliard entered, on a private signal being given. Allan introduced Tom, whom he greeted with the title of Captain to Watkins, and we drank and smoked together. Tom gained the favor of Watkins, who was very liberal in his potations. A visit to the Captain's vessel was proposed by him, and Allan and I eagerly accepted the invitation. It required not a little persuasion to induce Watkins to accompany us, but he was somewhat brave with wine, and finally suffered himself to be led off. Getting into a boat, we rowed through the pitchy

darkness of the bay, and ascended the side of the *Venus*. Watkins was tossed into his berth, and was soon buried in a profound slumber. Early the next morning we equipped ourselves in sailors' dresses, while Tom buckled on a long black leather belt, in which he stuck a cutlass and a brace of pistols. Soon after we tripped our anchor and made sail. The morning was rather unpleasant, and Allan and I hurried below to commence operations.

"Rouse up, Watty," cried Allan, shaking the sleeping clerk; "rouse up, my boy, for heaven's sake!" Watkins was in a drunken doze; but a little perseverance brought him to his senses. He opened first one eye, then the other, and finally sat up in his berth.

"Time to open shop?" asked he.

"To open shop!" groaned I — "I wish I *were* in Chatham-street! Oh! my poor father."

Allan put his handkerchief to his eyes.

"My dear fellows," said the clerk, "where are we?"

"On board the vessel — at sea," answered I.

"What vessel?" cried the clerk. "Oh! I remember — Captain Halliard's."

"A pirate!" shrieked Allan and I simultaneously.

"Yes, Mr. Watkins," said I, "'tis the *Spitfire* — pierced for eighteen guns — mounting twelve. Halliard was an impostor. He's been appearing as a merchant captain, and now turns out to be a monster. We've been obliged to join him to preserve our lives."

Here Halliard sprang into the cabin.

"What are you about here, d—n you? Harkee, my lads — you see I can guard against mutiny. These pistols are loaded with a brace of balls each, and if they fail, I can cleave either of ye to the brisket with my cutlass. I've done that feat before now. On deck with ye!" We left the cabin to him and Watkins. We could not overhear the whole of their conversation, but Halliard came up laughing.

"I've frightened the poor lubber out of his wits," said he. I thought I'd give him a little rest — for, one round turn more, and we should have to sew him up and pitch him to the sharks. What's to be done next?"

"Oh!" said Allan, "we'll let him rest until night, and then Black Sam shall be brought forward." We went below. Watkins was groaning faintly.

"Oh! dear," said he, "that blood-thirsty villain was going to make minced-meat of me; but I made him a moving appeal, and he left me alone. Oh! Mr. Smith, what will your poor father think? Oh! this confounded roll! Aint we going to the bottom?"

"No, no, Watkins, you'll live through all this!"

"Don't say so," murmured the disconsolate clerk; "you are only deceiving me: Oh! that roll again! I feel very qualmish."

"He's going to be unpleasant," said Allan.

"Can't you recommend any cure?" asked the sufferer.

"None — unless you could relish a slice of raw salt pork, or quaff a gill of pure train oil;" said I.

This suggestion renewed his distress. Night at length came. After supper Halliard made some excellent punch, and we sat around the cabin table.

"Here's black Sam?" asked Allan.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired T. This was all to mystify the listening Watkins.

"He's doing well enough, sink him!" answered the Captain. "Matter? the neger didn't put any pepper in my soup to-day. So I caught up a handspike and hit him a settler on his starboard flipper. D—n me, if I didn't shiver the bones for him. Saw it wasn't no use for to splice it — so, says I, you don't deserve it, but I'll see what I can do for you. So I made him lay his arm on the windlass, and, shiver my topsails! if I didn't take it off above the elbow with my cutlass as clean as a surgeon could have done it. The fellow roared with pain. Blast your eyes! says I, what are you piping for? So I hits him a crack on the head with the flat of the cutlass, and sends him below. Ha! ha! But I want him here to mix the punch. Go, send him aft, one of you."

I went up and returned with word that he could not come. The Captain started up in a great passion: "He won't! eh? Did ye ever hear the beat of that neger's impudence." He went on deck, and presently there was heard a great stamping, struggling, and vociferation overhead.

"Oh! massa!" cried black Sam, in well-feigned agony, "you've torn de bandage off de stump!"

"I don't care;" replied the pirate captain.

"A nigger feel when you hurt him," yelled Sam.

"I know that, you lubber. Take that!" A heavy fall on deck, a deep groan, and then a plunge in the water ensued. The Captain came down into the cabin, wiping and sheathing his cutlass.

"We must choose a new cook to-morrow," said he.

"Why, where's black Sam?" asked I.

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies," replied Halliard with a brutal laugh. Watkins here groaned aloud. The Captain started at the sound.

"Here, you cowardly land-lubber, turn out and show yourself, or by the ghost of Captain Kidd! I'll clap my pistol to your figure-head and blow your brains out!"

Watkins pitched out of his berth in great terror, threw himself on his knees, and clung to me. "Oh! Mr. Smith! save me!"

"Save you?" repeated the pirate captain, disdainfully; "Why, you won't pay salvage. When I finds such chaps as you on board a prize, I keeps 'em to bait hooks for shirks with."

"Come, come," said Allan, interceding, "spare his life, and let him join us."

"What!" cried Watkins, "be a murdering pirate and shed human blood!"

"Blood and thunder!" roared the Captain; "what do you mean by speaking ill of the service? Dammee, I'm a gentleman!"

"Oh! Lord! I didn't mean any thing," stammered forth Watkins. "Gentlemen of your profession are so very touchy."

"Will you join us then?" asked Halliard.

"Yes — yes," replied Watkins, trembling excessively. "He! he! I like the idea."

"Oh!" said I, "Watkins is full of spirit: the New-Yorkers call him Blood Jerry." Watkins caught my idea. Upon that hint he spake.

"Oh, my dear fellow, I've fought half a dozen duels.

"Lives on gunpowder and brandy;" said Allan. The Captain appeared to be pleased. He produced a paper.

"Now," said he to Watkins, "sign this paper, by which you bind yourself to live, fight, and die, on board the Spitfire."

With a trembling hand Watkins affixed his signature.

"Now," said the Captain, "you must drink a glass of human blood!"

"Oh! dear! I'm no cannibal. Can't you excuse me?" The only answer was a pistol levelled at his head. He agreed. A rummer of stiff grog was produced, and Watkins drank it. The liquor raised his spirits, and he tried to be facetious. "He! he!" said he, "I like the profession amazingly."

"Wait till you've tried it first," growled Halliard, stroking his tremendous whiskers. "I want to have you under the eye of these fine lads, so you'll berth in the cabin. You needn't go on deck till you've got over your sea-sickness."

Watkins found it convenient to protract his qualms. In fact his conscience sorely tormented him, although Allan and I labored to convince him that his joining the pirates was excusable by necessity.

"But when it comes," said he, "to shedding the blood of my fellow-creatures, what shall I do?"

"Nonsense! when you're called into action," said I, "you must merely fire, and strike wide."

"Then I'm not to defend myself," cried Watkins.

"To be sure not," replied Allan; "you would not imbrue your hands in the blood of the innocent."

One morning, while Watkins was sleeping off the effects of a debauch, we agreed to give him an idea of an action. It was when we were returning and near New-York. He was awakened by a great shouting on deck, and by the discharge of fire-arms: our swivel playing away with great effect. Two sailors fenced with cutlasses, and Halliard and I yelled out orders, and discharged our pistols. Allan ran down into the cabin, grimed with powder and daubed with blood.

"Arm! arm! Watkins!" he cried. "Jump up, and put on your monkey-jacket. There's a cutlass!" and he flung one on the table.

"Allan!" roared Halliard from the deck. "I wan't you to head the men and repel boarders."

"Aye, aye, Sir," answered Allan; and he hurried up.

The noise continued. Halliard went down into the cabin, where he found Watkins groaning and shivering. He immediately clapped a pistol to the clerk's head. Watkins gave a loud yell and sprang on deck. The instant he reached it he was felled by half a dozen blows, and three or four pistols were discharged at him. He was carried down to his berth in a state of unconsciousness. Recovering partially, he called for brandy, and drank till he fell into a profound sleep.

We reached New-York in the night, and carried the senseless Watkins to Black Sam's, where we hired a room for his reception. He was placed in bed, Sam's wife engaged to attend him, and was instructed how to play her part. Our object was to persuade him that he had the yellow fever. Therefore Allan and I daubed his face and hands with gamboge. Over a long chest at the end of the room we threw a black pall, and finding him about to wake, we left him with the nurse.

When he had recovered his senses, he stared around him wildly: first the room, and then the negro nurse, engaging his attention.

"In whose hands am I?" asked he of the nurse.

"Doctor said I musn't tell you, sar."

"Am I in America?"

"Yes, sar, in New-York."

"Well, if you'll make yourself scarce, I'll get up and dress myself."

"Can't do it, sar; you're too sick."

"Sick! How long have I been sick?"

"'Bout two months, sar."

"Indeed! bring me a looking-glass. He gazed at his face in the mirror and almost fainted.

"Don't worry yourself too much, sar," said the negress, who was unaffectedly compassionate. "You disorder hab taken a good turn, and doctor say, lass time he see you, dat if you woke up cumfortable, you was out ob danger."

"All right, then. But where are those bloody pirates?"

"Most of 'em have been washed ob dare sins by repentance, an den ironed, and hung up to dry," said Sheba.

"I'm glad of that," said Watkins. "But what is that thing at the end of the room?"

"Dat only you coffin, sar," said the nurse. "We expected, a week or two since, dat you was going to die, so we had dat made; but I will leab you, for I hear the doctor coming."

Sheba left the room as a man in black, and my friend Lieut. Rivet of the U. S. navy, entered.

"Doctor," said the latter, "just feel his pulse, and say whether he is well enough to bear it."

The mock-doctor felt Watkins's pulse. "He is out of danger, and strong enough," said he.

"That's good news!" joyfully exclaimed Watkins.

"Hardly so," said the Lieutenant, very gravely.

"Why, Sir," replied Watkins, "I can have that d—d coffin, that eyesore, carried off."

"Not so," replied the Lieutenant; "you must have that in the cart with you."

"Cart!" echoed Watkins! "What cart?"

"Why, the prison cart, to be sure;" said the Lieutenant. "The doctor says you're strong enough to bear hanging this morning."

"Much obliged to him. But what am I to be hung for?"

"What! why isn't your name Jeremiah Watkins?"

"To be sure it is."

"Well, isn't your name signed with the rest of the crew of the Spitfire? and wern't you captured in her?"

"Lord bless you!" said Watkins; "that was only gum to make the Captain spare my life."

"Gum or not, your messmates and companions in crime, Moore and Smith, have swung for the same thing."

"Lord have mercy upon me!"

"Amen!" said the pious Lieutenant. "Here, I've got somewhere about me your Dying Speech: I thought you'd like to know what you had to say for yourself. Here it is. *Last Dying Speech and Confession of that Notorious Pirate, Jeremiah Watkins, the bloodiest of the Spitfire's crew; with a particular account of his murder of the mate of the Hercules.*"

"What a world this is!" exclaimed Watkins: "I'm as innocent as a sheep led to slaughter for the sake of its legs of mutton."

"Up and dress yourself!" said the Lieutenant; "we go to prepare." They left the room, and Watkins, with a heavy heart, put on his clothes. Just then the bell of St. Paul's tolled, and he shrieked aloud. At this moment Allan and I entered the room. Watkins was thunderstruck.

"Why, where have you dropped from? the gallows?"

"The gallows, you booby?" said Allan. "No! we've left the Venus in port, and have been strolling round the city—just dropped in to the store to let Mr. Smith know his clerk was safe."

"Then I aint to be hung?" murmured Watkins.

We burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "What a quiz you are, to be sure," said I, "to mistake a fishing-smack for a pirate brig, a little scuffling for a sea-fight, and a headache for the yellow fever! Come, man, wash the paint off your face!"

The confusion and rage of Watkins knew no bounds. "I'll complain of you," said he; "I'll expose you to the world."

"I'll crucify you in a farce," retorted Allan.

"The falsehood!" said Watkins!
 "The Spitfire!" said I.
 "The unmanly deceit!" cried the Clerk.
 "The human blood!" cried Allan.
 "The lies of that Halliard!" yelled Watkins.
 "The murder of Sam!" shouted I.
 "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the negro as he entered the room.
 Watkins broke from us, rushed down stairs, and darted into the street.
 I opened the window, and called after him, "Watkins!" He looked up.
 "Going to the hanging?"
 Thus ended the adventure of the Venus.

 SONG.

 WHEN THE HOPES OF THE HEART.

1

WHEN the hopes of the heart thou so dearly hast cherished,
 Till, even in its wreck, it has carried thine own,
 'Neath the wrongs and the frowns of its people have perished,
 Denied all their promise — their prospect all gone —
 Thou wilt weep, not exult, o'er the desolate ruin,
 Thou wilt cherish that feeling, once sacred and pure,
 Which still, in despite of all fortune's misdoing,
 Must hallow the sorrow it never may cure.

2

Thou wilt not forget, though to this they would bring thee,
 That the exile they hate has reposed in thy arms;
 And the venom'd reproach which they utter will sting thee,
 And rob all the bloom of thy sunniest charms;
 They will teach — thou wilt feel — that the love which so won him,
 'Till, all things forgotten, he ceased to be free,
 Was the sound of that spell which so sadly undone him,
 And made him a traitor to all things, but thee.

3

And when the sweet hours shall return of our meeting,
 The long summer night in our moon-hallowed grove,
 When thy heart, pressed to mine, with like rapture was beating,
 And we had not a thought, not a feeling, but love;
 Oh! then thou wilt sigh for the bliss that's departed,
 More dear through the grief that has followed it still —
 Oh! then wilt thou weep for the lone, broken-hearted,
 That, bless'd by thy love, even hate cannot kill.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MEXICAN TOURIST.

 NUMBER EIGHT.

NEXT morning, (Sunday, 22d March) the alarm was given that our mules had been badly picketed, and had got off and gone back to Papatipan. To all but me this was a great vexation; to me it was a respite. I made a tranquil breakfast on what was to be found, and stretched myself again upon my mattress in a place commanding a good view of the surrounding country, while my companions dispersed themselves in various directions to hunt and shoot in the forests; and Mariano went back for the brutes. Every body disappeared but three or four Indians, the inhabitants of the place; and they betook themselves shortly to what I suppose was their every day life, unheeding of my presence, lying down in a group in the sun and basking, uttering once in ten or fifteen minutes a word or two, and then relapsing into reverie. The remains of our camp-fire were near me, and an overturned pot or two lying about it; beyond, lay all our baggage, saddles, and mule furniture, scattered about the grass in confusion, and still wet with the last night's rain; the two cabins behind me, and in front a steep slope covered with brushwood reaching down to the river, which was seen to a great distance, winding in infinite meanders in the sunshine through a wide valley; and beyond all were high mountains, in striking diversities of outline. Occasionally a shot in the forest or valley told news of our sportsmen, who were evidently losing themselves in the distance; but the soft breeze, and bright sky, and sleepy languor of the scene, and my own weakness that made me look on all this with half-shut eyes, induced me to wish that the sportsmen or the mules might arrive too late, and that we might not go on that day. But every body came; the muleteers brought in the recusant beasts, and the sportsmen the spoils of the chase, bitterns and cranes, and some birds they had mistaken for ducks, but which proved to have sharp bills, and looked altogether too hawkish to be eaten. However, every thing was bundled up together, and we made a short day's march to La Pesea, six or seven leagues through a mountainous country; but the hills were now more bare, and the valleys less fertile and less diversified; the beauty of scenery was nearly at an end.

La Pesea contains six or seven houses. We obtained leave to lay on mattresses on the floor of one of them, the mistress of the house furnishing for our supper some toasted tortillas and a stew of chickens; but no

bread nor vegetables could be had. Adolphe, undertook to cook our game, and made a fire for the purpose, amid the mocking of the muleteers and the boys of the village, who were much amused with the idea of eating cranes and bitterns, but our sportsmen insisted on making the experiment. An old woman of the neighborhood undertook to boil the imitation wild ducks, having first, however, given us fair warning that they were good for nothing. Eating was as yet no business of mine; I drank some milk and took a tortilla, and looked on all these doings as an amused, but otherwise, indifferent spectator. When Adolphe unpacked his cranes and bitterns; he discovered that they were spoiled; a thing that we refused at first to believe, as it was scarcely six hours since they were shot; but he appealed to our noses, which abundantly confirmed his report. This portion of our "*game*," therefore, was thrown away. Then came up the old woman with the "*ducks*," she demanded a dollar for boiling them, which the sportsmen refused to pay, but offered her the ducks themselves, which she refused to accept; at last they gave her half a dollar, and threw in the ducks, but she did not think them worth carrying off; and William was ordered, as we had all supped, to bag them for next day. Somebody bought a pineapple, and we were dividing it among ourselves when our new muleteer, Mariano, came up, helped himself to a slice, and asked Sir John for a light for his cigar as composedly as if he had been a grandee too. There was a good deal of this kind of manner among all these people, a sort of perfect independence and unconsciousness of the possibility of such a thing as superiority and inferiority between man and man, resulting in their case from sheer ignorance, and often taking coarse shapes when it showed itself, but which might also result from a high state of instruction and civilization, and show itself in proper self-respect and reciprocal consideration. But Mariano, as we drew nearer Tampico, grew more and more obsequious; he began to think of his "*regalito*," the parting gift; and he fawned upon us in a way that proved his former conduct had been not unsophisticated freedom, but affectation and insolence.

The Indian who owned our cabin was sick of a fever; he lay on a bed in one corner of our hut, I spread my mattress in another, and the Major his in a third; Sir John swung his hammock over our heads. The servants and the Indian family lay in two adjoining huts. The fourth corner of our room was occupied by a shrine, or rude altar, with a daub of a saint, and some tawdry ornaments around it, and a lamp burning before it; and this, I believe, was the sick man's chief hope of recovery. Physician he had none. He asked our advice, as probably he did that of every passer-by. I felt his pulse and would have prescribed for him, but no medicines of any sort were to be had. I invented such substitutes as I could think of from his household stores and the herbs he was acquainted with. He was not, in fact, very ill, but his situation made me think again on what my own might have been, and on the many fold

increased probabilities in a country like this of dying with a given degree of disorder. In the evening, after we had all turned in, José came to me and said they were selling bread at the door. I gave him two dollars, and he bought the merchant out; the bread was made in little rings or rolls, and was really excellent; and I called for some milk and made a supplement to my meagre supper. It was brought to the door, it seemed, in a basket by an Indian. A gossip or two of the neighborhood dropt in to see our hostess and cheer up her sick husband; they passed over my head, and crept under Sir John's hammock and squeezed in between the shrine and the invalid, and were quite chatty and agreeable. We went on next day to Los Flores, another Rancho or Indian hamlet, and passed by it to a wide plain overgrown with brushwood, where we encamped again. We explored a little forest near us till we found a solitary hut, where we bought some eggs and borrowed an earthen pot to make our chocolate and stew our meats for supper. Our cold game was pronounced not eatable; but the Major had shot a couple of rabbits, and Sir John a chicalaca, which is a very good bird; and with William's help we stewed them into a very eatable mess. We swung our hammocks to the trees, and slept half the night by compromise with the ganapatas, who kept us awake the other half. The first mile of our next day's journey brought us to Punto del Rio Calabozo, at the ford of that river, a considerable village, where, if our stupid muleteers would but have told us we were near it, we might have found milk and eggs, and probably chickens and bread, and other comforts we had lacked. The country was now no longer mountainous, but only wavy with a sandy soil; and we began to come among great forests of palmettoes, which we soon learned to look upon as a token of barrenness. We passed through Tantayuca, a town of some importance, and inhabited partly by white people; there was a great ruinous church, and a house also falling to ruin, that had once been a governor's residence; it had iron balconies and windows to the floor, and stood by the church as its tenants in old times had been used to do. All the other houses were wretched. We inquired throughout the place for bread, but in vain; but, characteristically enough, there was sweet cake, which was very light and delicate. We encountered here a party of arrieros and traders going up; there was a Frenchman among them, who gave us a magnificent account of the great quantities of game we should find below: deer and wild turkeys cost him nothing in his narrative, and then he sold us a few shot at a dollar a pound, our own being nearly exhausted. This day's journey took us to a Rancho called Paderone; where we encamped on a sunny hill-side sloping down to a rivulet, and facing another hill whence the Indian cabins looked out upon us. An old shed, supported on six posts and open all round, was near us; fragments of half-decayed trees were scattered here and there, of which we soon collected enough to make our fire, and we made a merry supper, of which rabbits were the material and appetite the sea-

soning ; bread, this time again we had none. The weather was delightful, the gathering sticks for the fire, and bringing water from the spring, and the distributing among ourselves the duties of our cookery, were amusing things enough ; and I remember having a faint notion that the life of a muleteer in Mexico, after all, was not without its attractions, and should not be too hastily condemned. Sir John and the Major slung their hammocks in the shed, the muleteers and servants strewed themselves on the floor, and I lay in my hammock among the trees, but was forced to move under cover in the middle of the night, by rain.

Our next day's ride was to Rancho Nuevo, the same undulating country, and in general the same unfruitfulness and eternal palmettoes. Sir John wandered from the road in search of game, and in the neighborhood of an Indian hut he came suddenly upon a flock of turkeys, who were gobbling sociably among themselves, and appeared to be disposed to admit him *ad eundem*, taking no notice of his approach. Whilst he was eyeing their plump proportions, and revolving in his mind "Thou shalt not steal," with a glance at the cottage, and another at his gun which was slung at his side, they suddenly flapped their wings and flew away over his head ; revealing to his astonished mind the fact that they were not property, but free, and quite at his service if he could reach them. In the mean time I was led off in another direction by the noise of chicolacas, and having to go deeper into the thicket than my horse could make his way, I tied him and went without him. The birds disappeared, and when I came back I could not find my horse, nor certainly identify the place where I had left him. In doubt, therefore, whether he escaped or was still tied somewhere out of my sight, I climbed up the highest tree I could find to get a wider view ; he was no where to be seen. I was going slowly down the tree, revolving the pleasant expectation of losing my horse and walking to Tampico, when my motions were quickened by finding myself among a colony of black ants nearly as large as wasps ; one of them fastened upon my wrist, and gave me a stinging bite which brought the blood, and I cleared the remaining distance to the ground through bushes and brambles at a jump. When I recovered the road I soon came up with Miguel ; he had stopped my horse and was waiting for me, and in half an hour more we arrived at a Rancho where we halted to buy chickens. The house was kept by a Spaniard, and in the portal was his daughter, a girl of about twelve years of age, one of the most perfectly beautiful children I ever saw, with a Madonna face and dark eyes very well worth seeing and remembering. Her father when we came to pay him for his chickens, demanded of us one real each "for crossing the bridge ;" and explained that there was a river and a bad ford half a mile further on, where he had himself built a bridge, which we might use or not ; but if we did, we must pay. The muleteers declared they would wade ; and the bridge-builder, to make sure of that, walked along with us ; and as the opposed interests of the parties made the con-

versation by the way, we arrived at the scene of action most of us a little angry. Miguel was the first to try the ford ; he floundered across but with difficulty, and Sir John and the Major followed with still more. Upon this I ordered the remaining animals to be driven across the bridge, in spite of the remonstrances of my companions, whose obstinacy was up, and I paid the toll on my own account. I had seen too much on this journey of loaded mules floundering in mire and deep water, and had not any of the nicety of conscience my friends laid claim too, about resisting impositions even to my own injury and loss. To cheat is wrong, no doubt ; but to be cheated, I trust for my own soul's sake, is in such cases blameless. The bridge was made of cane and palmetto trunks ; it was very short, and might have cost one architect ten days work, or thereabouts ; so that his price for passing was rather high, but his principle was right, and his enterprise on the whole was a praiseworthy advance in civilization. But I verily believe he had not confined his ingenuity to building a bridge ; he had also probably dug pits in the margin of the ford and filled them in with soft mud, or some good imitation of quicksand. Appearances in this respect were much against him, though he was a well-spoken and good-looking man ; and the cool and expedient thing was to pay him his demand, and I did so. There was an Indian in our company, with his two boys and three mules loaded with sacks of corn, from which each night he sold us provender for our horses at a regularly increasing price as we advanced into the barren country. His trade was a fair one, and he was a great convenience to us ; but he was a great Jew, which made it more remarkable that he followed my example in the matter of the bridge, and drove over his mules, whose loads were now quite light, and paid the toll demanded.

Rancho Nuevo contains three or four houses only ; we had an open shed to sup and sleep under, and we had found a little bread at a village on our way, and bought the whole of it. We had shot some rabbits as usual, and while our hostess cooked them we took a long walk to the river. The distance is about a mile and a half, and from this all the water used in the village is brought. There is an aguador of the village, who goes down with a horse bearing two great demijohns slung in panniers, and the children of the hamlet pass half their time in bringing up pots of water on their heads. Wells are unknown. The Major, who was taking especial care of his horse for the Tampico market, led him to water himself ; indeed, in general he trusted as little as possible to the muleteers to take care of him. When we came up to supper, he turned him loose to graze in sight, but it grew dark while we were busy with knives and forks, and at bed-time the brute could not be found. In the morning, therefore, we sent off the muleteers and servants, and we three remained to disperse in different directions in search of the stray. We were caught in a violent rain and well soaked, and we brought in a parrot and two or three rabbits, but no horse. The Major himself fell in

with some wild turkeys, but the rain had rendered his gun useless ; he snapped it at them several times in vain, and at last flung a stick at them in despair, and drove them away. He then set out to return to the Rancho, but missed his way, and rambled a long time in the rain without any idea where he was going ; and considering that, horseless and moneyless, and speaking no Spanish, he should be but badly off if he had his journey to finish alone. Accident, however, directed him to a place he remembered, and he rejoined us on one side just as his horse had volunteered to come out of the forest on the other ; and so about midday we all set forward, and arrived in the evening, having overtaken our luggage at Leucinar de los Organos, another Rancho even meaner and poorer than the last.

Leucinar consisted of three huts, built of cane and thatched, and standing together in the middle of a vast upland plain, which was bare of shrubs or trees, and covered with short thirsty grass. One little thicket only was visible at half a mile from the huts ; it had grown up about a spring, and it was there that these people obtained their water. Why they did not pull down or desert their huts and build new ones at the spring, I could not imagine ; it would not cost them much more labor than they lay out every month in trudging back and forth with their water-pots. We bargained for leave to sleep in one of the huts, and we obtained from another with some difficulty a few tortillas, and we stewed our rabbits and parrot ; but in the house where we were to lodge they would sell us nothing. They had meal and dried meat ; but no more, they said, than they wanted for themselves ; and money did not appear to tempt them at all. We slept uncomfortably ; more annoyed than ever with vermin. There were a dozen Indians, men and women, strewed about under us on the ground, and in a sort of attic over our heads ; and they were as restless as we, rolling and rubbing, and turning over and muttering, from time to time, "*ah muchas, muchas ganapatas.*" In the morning we could get nothing to eat at all ; we made some chocolate and drank milk, and divided some hard eggs we had brought from Rancho Nuevo, of which my share was one. At the next Rancho matters were no better ; I got one more egg at a house upon the road, and nothing else till four in the afternoon, when we arrived at Tampico en alto, a village of two hundred inhabitants, where we obtained some bread and pulqué de caña, and made a lunch without dismounting. Pulqué de caña is an acrid sweetish drink made from the sugar cane, apparently the half fermented juice.

But our troubles were now drawing to a close. We met a well-dressed man a little farther on, and I asked him how far it was to Pueblo Viejo, the old town of Tampico proper, whose commerce has now passed away to the new town across the lagoons, the correct name of which is Santa Anna de Tamaulipas, but in the United States it is always designated as Tampico. I asked my question in Spanish, but the gentleman

answered me in English that it was not far; and added, "You are expected there." Indeed, said I, a little surprised; who expects us? "Don Santiago Grillo; he has orders from Mr. Papke to look out for you, and take care of you when you come." Now we had letters for Mr. Papke from Messrs. Manning and Marshall, by the favour of Mr. McIntosh of that house, who, it appeared, had also been at the pains to write a letter by the post to announce us, and thence proceeded this mark of attention. Don Santiago Grillo acquitted himself well of his commission; he had our luggage put in boats and sent off; put the Major's horse and mine in safe keeping, and, after vainly attempting to persuade us to use his hospitality for the night, he took boat with us for Santa Anna. We took leave gladly enough of mules and muleteers, giving Jose a handsome regalito, Miguel a less liberal one, and Mariano none at all; and as we pushed off, and were taking our last look at these interesting personages, I flung an extra dollar to poor José, which fell into the water, and we left a dozen persons searching for it; José's chance of recovering it being of course inversely as the number of his assistants.

Pueblo Viejo is a decaying place, and seems never to have been more than a village. We went from it through a sort of lagoon, with marshy ground and high salt grass level with the water, stretching away in every direction, till at last the passage widened, and we came out into the river and up to the town of Santa Anna. It is a new town and looks unfinished, having all been built, I believe, within ten years; the houses are good but rather low, built substantially of stone and plastered over. They have, in the better sort, *portis cochéres*; and interior courts with piazzas, in which it is usual to sit at meals. A custom-house fronted us on the beach, and took possession of our luggage to search for money, which I believe is the only thing subject to duty on arriving from inland; but our servants remained to get the luggage clear, and we went direct to Mr. Papke's under the guidance of Don Santiago, whose orders to that effect were explicit. It was now eight o'clock, and we had had next to nothing to eat all day. Mr. Papke sent off two messengers in different directions, one to find his cook, who was missing, and the other to order a supper sent in from a tavern in case the cook should not arrive. But he did arrive, and served us up a very superb entertainment in a great variety of dishes, to all of which we did such justice as to amuse our kind host, who was looking on, prodigiously. Having paused in our proceedings and rested a little, we were surprised by the arrival of the other supper; and really it looked so good, and we had such an account of arrears to make up, that we could not refrain from making some experiments also upon that. Mr. Papke informed us he should consider us as his guests while we staid at Santa Anna, and certainly nothing could be more agreeable; his mode of living and that practised in the taverns of the place, being in very decided contrast, and seeming to exemplify the extremes of good and bad. Next morning at breakfast we took our

places in the piazza, shaded from the sun by a canvass curtain ; and the fat of the land, and the condiments and refinements of all the world, were set before us. Mr. Papke's commercial family were assembled, and half a dozen languages were put in requisition round the table. Luxurious viands, rich wines, shade, repose, and civilized companions ; what a contrast to yesterday, with its one hard egg on a barren plain, amid ganapatas, muleteers, baggage and the bustle of departure. We enjoyed the comparison undisturbed, fearing no interruption ; for here, as at Vera Cruz, it is usual to refuse entrance to all applicants at the hours of meals. Our corridor looked out to the street gate, where was a person at this very moment jingling at the bell and knocking with his foot most perseveringly ; though broiled as he must have been in the hot sun, and perfectly aware that the party at breakfast, whom he could see through the cracks of the door, were amusing themselves at his expense. This lasted half an hour. At last he thrust a paper through the aperture over the door, which produced a fresh laugh ; but somebody suggested that a messenger was expected from Don Santiago Grillo, or perhaps the Don himself ; whereupon a servant was ordered to open the gate, and behold there was a boatman who had brought up our two horses, which were immediately ordered to Mr. Papke's stables, and treated in their degree as hospitably as their masters. Horses were a great drug at Santa Anna just now ; indeed, they are never in much demand there ; but at this time a regiment of soldiers had marched in, that was to be embarked for Texas to enforce the custom-house regulations there, and the officers' horses were for sale at any price. I obtained for my nag, with some difficulty and by the favour of Don Santiago Grillo, ten dollars less two that it cost me to send Adolphe down to Pueblo Viejo twice on this business, and two more that it had cost to bring up the brute from there ; so that that the nett proceeds were six dollars. As for the Major, whose expectations from the " Tampico market " had been so high, and whose care to keep his horse in good case (for it had been so incessant), he held on for twenty dollars till it was too late to get anything ; and the saddle which he carried off at his departure was all he saved of this speculation ; the horse was left behind, a total loss. Mr. Papke assigned us a house for our residence near his own, which was undergoing repairs, and furnished it for our use with bedsteads, mosquito nets, chairs, tables, &c. ; not forgetting two or three dozen of wine, a box of cigars for Sir John, and two bottles of tobacco steeped in brandy to rid ourselves of ganapatas. But as we continued to use our own beds, here and on board the vessel when we came away, it was ten or twelve days before we ceased entirely to find those hateful things about our persons.

We had left Mexico on the 12th of March, and arrived at Santa Anna on the 26th, making, both inclusive, fifteen days on the route ; from which are to be deducted near three that we spent at Real del Monte, leaving twelve days and a fraction we had taken to travel about 270 miles. It

is true our mules were bad, and too heavily loaded ; we ought to have had four at the least, and our muleteers were unskilful, and we were very unlucky ; but, making allowances for all this, I think eight or nine days the least we could have done it in under any supposable circumstances. There were six or eight vessels lying in the river, several of which were for New Orleans ; but they were all waiting for a *conducta*, which was expected to arrive in about ten days from Zacatacas, and it seemed at first that we should be detained a fortnight. However, the captain and owners of the schooner *Cometa* were disposed to make terms for her sailing immediately ; and we engaged the whole of her cabin, by the aid of our good friend Mr. Papke, to sail on April 1, an agreement that was punctually complied with. On the evening of the 31st of March the schooner dropped down four or five miles to the mouth of the river, and anchored. Mr. Papke accompanied us down to her in a row-boat, and took leave of us with a parting wish that we might have a four days' passage, though, for fear of accidents, he had made us a present of stores for fifteen, rich wines, French preserved meats, tea, coffee, pickles, &c., a prodigious catalogue.

The *Cometa* was an old vessel, Baltimore-built, and a fast sailer. She was a Campeachy trader by profession, but was going to New Orleans to supply herself with new sails, and some articles besides, among which the captain enumerated a chronometer, for which he expected to pay seventy dollars. He was on a most republican footing with his crew, to most of whom he was no otherwise superior than in the title of captain, and a certain faculty he had of guessing at his longitude, which I never could comprehend, but which came out in our case very nearly right, I suppose by accident. He had no watch of any sort, and he seldom threw the lead ; as far as I could see, he kept no dead reckoning at all, and if he had, the currents in the gulf are so uncertain it could not have been trusted. We sailed in this way twelve days against a persevering east-north-east wind, and our craft was so sharp as to lie — at least we thought so — within four points of it. The captain took the sun for his latitude regularly every day at twelve o'clock, and inferred his longitude from it by some process only known to himself, and set down both together in his log book ; but on the thirteenth day he began to be a little bothered, and when I went to look at his entry, it was longitude eighty something and twenty-five minutes ; but the second figure of the degrees was blotted and illegible. He was sure, however, that he was near the south-west pass of the Mississippi, the more so as we saw several vessels which, from the course they steered, must have come out of it. One of these came very near us ; she was a brig, and standing south-west, probably for Vera Cruz. She was to windward of us, and we hoisted the Mexican flag, and bore up to speak her and ask our way. She hoisted American colors ; but there was something about us that did not please her ; she put her helm down, and ran out of our track till she

was clear of us, and then filled away again as before. In this dilemma the captain took the resolution of running in the direction she had come from till dark, then standing off till midnight, and then on again as before. This manœuvre brought us the next morning snugly into Barataria Bay, where we ran aground near the island, at daybreak; and when the fog rose, there was low, desolate, uninhabited land almost all round us; the horizon being open only to the south. Of course this produced a sensation; the captain was quite nonplussed, and the men took the direction of things upon themselves; they carried out an anchor to warp off, and with much labor of every body on board, it was effected. A boat was then got out to explore the shore, and I embarked in her as interpreter, and descrying a fishing smack at a distance, we made for her, and found a cabin on the beach tenanted by some brawny tall fellows of fishermen, who informed us we were about thirty miles from the south-west pass, but refused to tell us how it bore, and offered their services as pilots. There was no remedy but to engage one of them, and having done so I returned to the vessel. Sir John hailed me as I approached, and asked where we were. I answered, "In Galveston Bay, a hundred and fifty miles from the Mississippi." Sir John turned round and explained this to the captain, who replied, in a deprecating tone, "Oh! no, *not* a hundred and fifty." Our pilot soon came on board; he was a stout Englishman, the hero of many long stories he recounted to us; and we had the day before us to hear them all, as the wind that had brought us in there refused to take us out.

One of them was odd enough. Talking of the pelicans that were wheeling about us, he told us that he had once shot at one in winter on the shore near where we were, and wounded it, but it escaped. Three days after he found the poor bird near the water, frozen and helpless, but still alive, its head all mangled with the shot; and he caught it and took it home, and thawed out its stiffened wings, and cherished it until it quite recovered its strength; "and then," just as we were going to commend him for his humanity, he added, "and then I set two dogs on it, and it very nigh licked them both."

At night our gallant pilot would not go to bed; he considered himself as having charge of the vessel, and it would be unbecoming him to sleep — the wind might change in the night, and he would by no means lose an hour if it did. And in the night it did change; and about three o'clock I came on deck, and seeing it had done so, I made a search for our Argus, who was snug in the hold and snoring, and I had great difficulty to make him turn out and make sail. We reached the pass, and got three or four miles up the river, and cast anchor that afternoon.

The scenery at the mouths of the Mississippi is very peculiar, and if not very pleasing, is certainly worth seeing once. The swift and muddy water, and floating logs, give you the idea of a disturbed river in flood after violent rains; and the banks, scarcely rising above its level, corre-

spond to this idea ; they skirt the wide estuary, appearing at a little distance like a mere pencil-mark on the horizon ; and a little farther off they are undistinguishable altogether. Ships, brigs, and small craft are lying every where at anchor ; steam-boats passing up and down, collecting the groups of vessels they are to take up to New Orleans. A little one, sometimes, having made up its party, may be seen going off against the stream, with perhaps two great ships grappled to its sides, and three brigs or schooners in tow, any one of which is twice as big as itself. One of these industrious things took charge of us, put us in a convenient place, and went back for a schooner, from Burlington, New Jersey, and brought her up close behind us. She brought up, in the same way, two large brigs and another small schooner, a Mexican, from Campeachy. While she was doing all this, we were looking back upon the bar, where lay four or five large ships that had grounded in going out ; they were in a bed of so soft mud, that they were struggling to drag through it, and were pulling, with anchors carried out at their capstans, and setting their sails to the wind ; and though to the eye they seemed quite motionless, they were in fact getting eight or ten yards ahead every day. There was a strange, unsatisfactory feeling in contemplating these great ships, with all sail set and swelling to the breeze, yet standing out against the sky with an immobility of which the eye could not apprehend the reason ; they looked like an immense picture. When our steam-boat had made up its party, it had just enough without the New-Jerseyman ; so it took the rest of us off very quietly, leaving him, without a word of apology, where he was. We arrived at New Orleans next day.

In summing up, by way of conclusion to these remarks, the results of my observations upon the Mexicans, I am desirous of avoiding, as much as possible, that appearance of hastiness and presumption which attaches almost necessarily to sweeping condemnations passed upon nations or classes of men. No man has a right to assert, over any given two bushels of chaff, that they absolutely do not contain two grains of wheat ; the less have I, in this case, because I have found wheat, and nearly in this proportion. Moreover, I have seen but a small portion of the vast surface of that country, and I was constantly assured that to the north (which quarter I did not visit) there was more light, civilization, and liberality, than in the parts east, west, or south of the capital ; but as I did not know *how much* more, I content myself with stating the circumstance, that it may weigh for what it is worth with those who are better informed. But in judging of the people at large, it is necessary to consider what they are ; and in the first place, that out of seven millions, two and a half are Indians in an absolutely savage state, or only so much better or worse as the priests have made them. Then come three millions of mixed races, whose mongrel natures are less to be counted on than the plain worthlessness of the savage ; and for the million and a half that remain, in whose hands is the principal management

of affairs, I might quote, with respect to them, the Spanish proverb, that they are "malos hijos de malos Españoles;" but, setting that aside, there is a remark of a gentleman of some note, himself a Spaniard, to the truth of which the whole world can bear witness — that nothing ever did or could go on well in any country where Spanish was spoken. My idea, then, of the destinies of this people is, that a wave of civilization will advance upon them from the north, and carry them before it; and that when their country is in possession of enlightened people, they will disappear from the face of it. Of course such a process as this must be ages in effecting; but such must be the result.

In the mean time are we quite right in applying the principles of civilized polity to our intercourse with countries so disorganized, and so incapable of organization and regular government as these? A population spread over an immense surface, where distance too is multiplied tenfold by the difficulties and disgusts of travelling, composed of the most discordant materials, and having the narrowest and most illiberal views; each portion of its own interests, and each individual of his, and divided by all the bitter prejudices and mean jealousies that naturally grow out of such a state of things; the different portions of the country, not only the remote, but the neighboring ones, quite ignorant of each other; and whatever faint semblance of national unity might otherwise exist, being totally lost sight of in the stratification of castes and colors — with this population for a basis, what kind of government can we expect to see erected? What sort of a government do they in fact possess, with their fine system of federation and state governments, general congress, president, &c.? It is a nullification carried out to its perfection; where each sub and co-ordinate institution nullifies all the powers of all others which it cannot make subservient to itself; and the individual nullifies, as far as he can, the operations of the whole. Whoever chooses to raise an army, and can offer it plausible hopes of pay or plunder, can do so any where and for any purpose; the government cannot prevent it; there is no public opinion to support them against rebellion, or to assist them in establishing order and suppressing crime; nor to check them, on the other hand, when they resort to robbery and piracy themselves, forced loans from foreign mining companies, or seizure, under frivolous pretexts, of vessels of friendly powers. To apply to the congress at Mexico for redress, in such cases, is like applying to the topmost nest of caterpillars in a tree to stop the ravages of the rest; they could not if they would, and they would not if they could. Perhaps we are right in keeping up the forms of diplomatic intercourse with them for mere form's sake; but when they insult our flag or plunder our citizens, it is to the commanders of our sloops of war that application should be made for a summary proceeding in the case by the law of the strongest.

ALIQUE DELICIE ANTIQUE.

 VERSION OF AN ADMIRER PASSAGE IN THE "MEDEA OF EURIPIDES."

Σκαιὸς δὲ λέγων, κοῦδέν τι σοφὸς
 Τοῦς πρόσθε βροτοῦς, οὐκ ἂν ἁρμάτοις,
 Οἵτινες ὕμνος—κ. τ. λ.

THOU would'st not err to call those ancient men,
 Thoughtless indeed, and but of little ken.
 They, at the jovial banquet and the feast,
 Where, flush'd with pleasure, each tumultuous guest
 Reel'd in the dance, or quaff'd the madd'ning bowl,
 And rapture swept in torrents o'er the soul ;
 Still added Music's all-enlivening power,
 To enhance the pleasures of the festal hour :
 But none applied sweet Music's kindly art,
 To heal the sorrows of a broken heart.
 Oh ! could she e'er have stay'd the tide of woe,
 Or made the tear of anguish cease to flow,
 Swept from the heart the gloom of deep despair,
 And reign'd herself a conquering inmate there ;
 Raising, refining, soothing all within,
 With pleasure gilding where but woe had been ;
 Then would she be, indeed, a boon to man,
 The guardian angel of life's narrow span.
 Where grosser joys inspire tumultuous glee,
 Sweet, heavenly maid, there is no need of thee.

 ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

OH why, when the heart was blithe and gay
 At the joyous feast, on the festal day,
 Did the foolish bards of the olden time
 Charm the gay crowd with their notes sublime ?
 And why did the heavenly sounds advance
 On the raptur'd ear in the giddy dance ?
 Better, far better, could Music's power
 Lend its sweet aid in the trying hour,
 When the soul on the billows of grief is toss'd,
 And all that is dearest is lost — is lost —
 When the heart is tortur'd with agony,
 Oh, then would the sounds of music be,
 A cordial drop in the bitter bowl,
 Making the wounded spirit whole.
 But when, with other raptures gay,
 The throbbing pulses madly play,
 What need of Music can there be
 To swell the wild torrent of ecstasy !

F. W. S.

A DESCRIPTION OF LIMA.

 IN A LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.

* * * To give you any idea of Lima, you must enter with me by the Callao road, for the approach to it from this way is by far the most imposing. The entrance to it is through a spacious gate, with small ones on each side; the pillars are of brick mason-work, covered with plaster and painted to imitate marble; over the whole of the three, is an entablature of the same, with balustrades. The *order* is rather a clumsy attempt at the Doric. At a distance, however, it altogether shows very well. This is the only gate where there is any effort to display taste, — the five others are merely large arched passages, with huge doors. The walls by which Lima is enclosed are nine miles in circumference, — and wide enough on the top for two or three horsemen to ride abreast — with a strong abutment or breast-work, three feet high. The walls themselves are sufficiently high to command a fine view of the surrounding country, which, though not cultivated as it ought to be, is still very delightful to the eye.

On entering the city, the first impression is certainly one of great disappointment. You are only conscious you are in one by the high church steeples that meet your eyes in all directions. Along the strait extensive street before you, nothing appears like a dwelling-house; it seems lined on each side by high painted mud walls, with here and there a balcony or look-out place on the top. Advancing along you find these walls have, at frequent distances, large doors or gates; looking through which, a house is seen, that is very often pretty and neat when the outside enclosure is most unpromising. These gates, or street entrances, are all closed at night, and then every dwelling is a castle. In fact, to judge from the appearance of every house in the place, you would suppose that security from attack and plunder was the only thing thought of. And, in truth, there is no place where such precaution is more necessary. Though I believe I have often described the general style of building, I will just observe, to refresh your memory, that very few have altos, or, as we should say, second stories, — the roofs of *all* are flat, and covered with a composition of mud and stone, plastered on to cane poles, which are used instead of laths. The mud becomes baked by the heat, and resembles the rotten stone with which brass is cleaned. Some few of the best-built houses are tiled; but a hard rain of a few hours would unroof almost the whole city.

Lima presents a most disgusting appearance when looked down upon from one of its high towers; for, strange as it may appear to you, the roof of the house is the receptacle of all the dirt they are not allowed to throw into the streets. You can imagine the appearance they make, littered, as they are, with bones, dead cats, rats, rags, &c. &c. The only relief to the clay-colored dirty roofs is in resting the eye on the spires and towers of their large imposing churches as they rise from every quarter of the city. And farther off in the outskirts, you are refreshed by the sight of orange, lemon, and chirimaya trees, whose dark green leaves of glossy green form a striking and delightful contrast to the grey disgusting roofs. But the eye can in other directions rest on objects of beauty and brightness rarely combined in one landscape: the sparkling Rimac, winding its way amid flowers and shrubs, and trees of green, to the majestic ocean — the stately bridge spanning its waters with its well-formed arches, and long lines of weeping willows that fringe the banks of the stream and shade the Allamedas for miles. For the back ground of this bright picture you have the towering Andes, rising range above range, until its cloud-capt peaks are hid from sight; while on *some* the sun has changed the snowy crown to circlets of diamond, so dazzling bright that the eye sinks for relief to the dark barren frowning peaks of the lower summits.

Turning from this ever-delightful view, your eye meets the boundless Pacific, whose calm bosom receives the fervid rays of the monarch of day, and sends them back with softened radiance from its deep blue ripples, as they curl and undulate far off in the hazy distance. What contrast could be offered to the eye in such perfect keeping with cloud-capt summits as Ocean's boundless space?

But to descend to such common place things as streets and houses. You are now in the famous city of Lima; and as it is laid out with much regularity, all the streets forming right angles, and running from N. to S. and from E. to W. you can look forward with me along the lines of mud walls, until your eyes rest on some public edifice. These often occupy the whole side of a square, or *cuadra* as they are called here. There are three hundred and thirty streets; their general width is about thirty-five feet. The whole city is divided into five quartetes, or wards; and these are subdivided into forty-five barrios, or districts, for the convenience of their police. You will be surprised at the great number of streets, but they name them differently from any other city I have visited, each *cuadra* or square is four streets of a different name. It confuses me so much that I do not attempt to remember any names, but designate the place I wish to find by some church, or some person, that I know in the square. All the streets are paved, and have side-walks of irregularly shaped stones, though they are not raised as ours are above the level of the street; indeed, they are but an apology for a side-walk. They are so broken, and so little attended to, that the toes are in great

danger from the projecting stones. I have, I believe, already mentioned the runs of water carried through many of the streets by means of trenches. Next follows naturally in description the public squares. Of these there are five, the principal of which is the Plaza.

This is near the centre of the city, and occupies in extent a space about equal to four acres. On the north side, and covering the whole of it, is the celebrated palace, built, it is said, by the still more celebrated PIZARRO, and in which he was assassinated. The exterior of this building is truly *mean* in every part; the interior is somewhat better, though very far from splendid, or even elegant. The rooms are decently finished, and the walls not badly painted in fresco. The furniture is showy and abundant. It is now occupied by the President of Peru and his lady, though a part is appropriated to the use of the Civil Courts, &c. &c. In the centre of the enclosure there is a garden of considerable size, in which there is a variety of fruit and some fine flowers. The whole is well moistened, and the air refreshed by an abundant supply of water from fountains. This part of the establishment would be really fine if it were kept in good order; but, like every thing else in this distracted country, it is sadly neglected and dirty; dead leaves are scattered over the walks, and the fine flowers droop and die with no one to tend or train them. The lady Presidentess, or rather, as she is called here, the "Queen of Peru," has the affair of *State* to tend; and cares little for flowers or any thing truly feminine but *dress*. A strong palace guard is always maintained; and at each of the three public entrances two sentinels are stationed. Does this display of military force say much in favor of their Republic? It is quite necessary, however, I assure you; for as yet the *mass* understand and obey no law — save that of force. To proceed with the Plaza.

The east side is occupied by the Cathedral, and a public building belonging to the police department. The former is of immense size, with two steeples, which very distinctly display the power of the heavy earthquake of 1827, in various large cracks and rents not yet repaired. The interior of this church is the most magnificent of any in the city; but so various are its orders of architecture, its ornaments, and compartments, that it is utterly impossible for *me* to give you any description that would be clear or satisfactory. I will therefore leave the great cathedral to to your imagination, only observing that you cannot deck it out with too much golden show and glitter. It would not be at all to your mind, as a place of worship; but it exactly suits those who come into it for that purpose — being large, imposing, and gorgeous. Of the House of Justice beside it, I shall only remark, that it is not worth a description. The other two sides of the Plaza are covered with private dwelling-houses, with *altos* projecting over the lower story about ten feet, and resting on arches in front. Under this projection, and within the arches, are shops, where goods of all kinds are displayed for sale. These arched ways

are called the Portales, and are equivalent to Arcades. Beneath almost every arch there are tables and cases, in which fancy articles of all kinds are exposed for sale ; and as this is a great mart for retailing, of course here throng the ladies. Crowds of them are constantly to be seen, of every hue and almost every variety of costume. The most beautiful part of the Plaza is the fine fountain, and basin or reservoir, directly in the centre. The water is brought from the Rimac ; and from this reservoir the greater part of the inhabitants are supplied. It is carried round in kegs of about ten gallons each, on the backs of *borrecos* (asses) — two of these, placed in a kind of pannier, make a load ; at the house, and generally in the Patio, or court, the water is poured into jars for use. Those who can afford it have filtering stones, and it is not healthy to use it without ; for the whole river is formed by the melting of the snow on the Andes, and brings with it in its course many particles of an unwholesome nature.

But to return to the basin and fountain, which are by far the finest specimens of art in the city. The former is of brass, and I gaze upon it always with unmixed gratification. It is very large, containing, I should think, a hundred hogsheads ; and is kept full by the spouts of the fountain, which are ornamented by appropriate devices in bas relief. Round the edge of the basin are four triple-headed dogs, of considerable size. They are, I presume, intended to represent the guardian of the water. Their attitude is fierce, and they are chained. The fountains present to the eye a pyramidal shape. The part through which the water pours is about ten feet above the upper basin, and is of a conical form. At equal distances below are two other basins, or receivers, of large size ; the lowest, largest of all. Into the upper one, the water falls from the spouts, and runs over from one to the other, into the largest basin, and from thence, by another set of spouts or tubes, it falls into the common receiver. From a centre pipe the water rises some height in the air, and descends over all in a circular shower. This gives to the whole the appearance of a beautiful pyramid of falling water. I have now done with the Plaza, except to say that from each corner of it branch off the two principal streets. The other four squares will scarcely admit of much notice, as they are merely open spaces.

Of the public buildings, of which I now speak “*en masse*,” there are ninety, fifty-three of which are devoted to religious purposes, either as churches, convents, or monasteries. They are chiefly of large dimensions, but not one of the number presents an exterior that the eye can rest on with any satisfaction ; they are all huge masses of buildings, destitute of any thing approaching to architectural order or regularity. In the construction of *many*, indeed of *most*, of the churches, the only object they appear to have kept strictly in view was, to set the rules of architecture completely at defiance, by “huddling” together pillars of all lengths, sizes, and orders ; and mingling with them arches, niches, and

statues of every kind. I believe their idea of beauty is abundance, particularly in ornament. The lofty and really well-formed steeples, are all disfigured in the same manner, and are often placed exactly where taste would not have placed them. It is quite singular that not *one* among the number is in perfect repair, while not a few remain unfinished. The interior of some of the larger churches is rich and imposing, though the same bad taste is observable. They are overloaded with ornament in every part — carved work, gilding, poor pictures, images, &c. All the *valuable* pictures and church utensils have been taken, for different purposes, by the rulers of this unhappy land.

You have now an outline of the city, its general appearance—its walks, streets, and churches; its runs of water, and the long rows of mud enclosures before its houses.

Of the *natural* beauty of Lima and its environs I cannot speak too highly. The pen can never do justice to its delightful contrast of verdant plains with snow-crowned mountains; to its smooth and placid ocean, and its rapid river; to its rich profusion of orange groves and flowering shrubs; and its long lines of shady walks, where the silvery leaf of the willow is quivering in the ever-shining sunlight of the long summer. Nature, in short, has been so prodigal of her bounties, that you can scarcely have a wish ungratified when you ask her aid *alone*.

You ask me if there is no danger of my becoming too strongly attached to a country possessing a climate of such unrivalled serenity, and abounding with every thing to delight the eye and gratify the senses. Have you forgotten the *Earthquakes*? These alone would *shake the foundations* of one's happiness, even in Eden's bowers. But when I turn to the people, and lifting the drapery that is thrown around vice by pomp and splendor, expose the real deformity concealed beneath, I think you will prefer with *me* the rugged hills and sober forests of our own New England, with all its frosts and snow, its piercing winds and drizzling fogs; rather than a land where the magnificence of Nature can never compensate for the absence of all that renders a nation truly great and happy.

FRAGMENT.

We are all mariners on this sea of Life —
 And they who climb above us up the shrouds,
 Have only, in their overtoppling place,
 Gained a more dangerous station, and foothold
 More insecure. The wind that passes over,
 And harmeth not the humble crowd below,
 Whistles amid the shrouds, and shaketh down
 These overweening climbers of the ocean
 Into the great gigantic vast of Death.

A. P.

ALIQUE DELICIE ANTIQUE.

SAPPHO.

Ποικιλόθρον, ἀθανατ' Ἀφροδίτα,
 Παῖ Διός, δολοπλόκε λίσσομαί σε,
 Μή μ' ἄσαισι, μηδ' ἀναίταισι δάμνα,
 Πόντια, θῶμον — κ. τ. λ.

HYMN TO VENUS.

I.

GLORIOUS Venus, queen of Love,
 Enthroned in brilliant light above,
 Versed in a thousand witching arts,
 To please, to tease, to torture hearts,
 Thy needful influence I implore,
 Hear me as thou heard'st before.

II.

Once thou heard'st thy suppliant's sigh,
 My tuneful voice ascending high;
 Left thy father's bright abode,
 The pomp and glory of the god.
 Thy beauteous sparrows, swift and true,
 O'er the dark earth like lightning flew;
 And bore thee, in thy golden car,
 Through the "azure deep of air."

III.

Lightly descending blessed queen,
 With glowing visage and serene,
 With voice and accent sweetly mild,
 You asked me who had wronged your child,
 What fresh disaster caused my pain,
 And why I sought thy aid again.

IV.

Thyself a captive, in despair,
 For whom thy silken chains prepare?
 Who breaks thy tender heart anew,
 Gentle Sappho, tell me who?

V.

Though now he flies, the time shall be
 He'll bow the heart and bend the knee.
 Though now thy proffered gifts he spurn,
 With richest offerings he'll return.
 E'en though his heart thou canst not move,
 He'll love thee — fondly — madly love.

VI.

Thus, radiant Venus, once again
 Snatch this beating heart from pain.
 Allay these fierce consuming fires,
 Accomplish all my soul desires.
 And, oh! thy gentle influence lend,
 My kind protectress and my friend.

F. W. S.

PAULINE,
OR DIPLOMACY EIGHTY YEARS AGO;*

CHAPTER XII.

How the Alliance between France and Austria was effected, by which little Frederick of Austria became the Great.

Count Staremborg, ambassador extraordinary from *Maria Theresa*, the empress-queen, to the French court, had till now completely failed in the object of his important mission. This object was to induce *France* to an alliance with *Austria* against *Prussia*. Prince Kounitz, Count Staremborg's predecessor, had already, with some apparent success, opened the negotiation; and still more had Frederick of Prussia, afterwards surnamed the Great, forwarded this scheme (from which the world expected his unavoidable ruin) by his concluding an alliance, defensive and offensive, with England, the natural and hereditary enemy of France. Notwithstanding this, did Cardinal Bernis, the Marchioness of Pompadour, and every sound politician, actually abhor the proposed alliance between France and its other hereditary enemy, Austria, against Prussia; clearly pointed out by nature and policy to be intended a faithful ally to the French crown.

'Colas, his thought completely absorbed by the veil, entered the drawing-room of the ambassador, when the latter, almost in despair, just had returned from a long and unsuccessful conference with the Cardinal Premier minister. He felt that he must give up all idea of an alliance between his own court and that of the *Thuilleries*. The ambassador, however, was too old in the school of diplomacy to show in the slightest degree his extreme disappointment; which he avoided the more carefully, as Mr. de Rosier's unexpected visit re-kindled the almost extinct hope concerning the important negotiation. He thought 'Colas might be sent by the cardinal with fresh proposals; perhaps that the crafty premier only had broken off in appearance, for the purpose of afterwards obtaining more advantageous terms for his royal master. The result of these short reflections was, that the Chevalier de Rosier was received in the most friendly and obliging manner.

The conversation soon turned upon the last ball, the beauty of the young countess, her magnificent veil, and the envy it had awakened

* Continued from the January Number.

with all the other ladies present. The ambassador listened, 'Colas watched him. After a short while they approached one step nearer; the ambassador spoke somewhat freer, and obligingly told that this same veil had been manufactured in the Netherlands by a person who, unfortunately, had killed herself by the enormous effort which the work had required, and that it consequently was of inestimable value; that the young Countess's statement of there only existing two more veils of the same sort, was perfectly correct; and that both of them were in the possession of the empress. 'Colas now came forward with the plain truth, stating that the veil appeared to act as a charm upon the lady dearest to his heart — that his supreme happiness would be ensured if he had its match to offer.

"My dear friend!" exclaimed the Count, "in that case we are both equally to be pitied; because it is as impossible for you to procure one of these imperial veils, as it is for me to induce your king to an alliance with my court."

"Never despair, my lord Count," replied 'Colas, perfectly aware now at what price the precious texture from Brabant was obtainable; "how infinitely much is possible on this planet of ours, if we only guard against believing it impossible."

The ambassador was puzzled. "My dear Sir!" he exclaimed; "can you possibly consider this alliance still practicable, after the whole court unanimously has pronounced against it; after the Cardinal, as well the Marchioness of Pompadour, have positively declared to me the reverse?"

'Colas considered a few moments, and recalled to his mind all the impossibilities which he, or rather Pauline, of late had achieved. This gave him courage to reply to the Count; "Do, nevertheless, not despair of a favorable result, however doubtful it may appear *at present*."

"My dearest Chevalier!" cried the ambassador, delighted; "one word for all, does our alliance succeed, I will succeed, at any price whatsoever, in procuring you the veil. If I can fulfill the most anxious wish of my imperial mistress, I feel persuaded that she will not, in her turn, deny me a veil."

Now, the two *Diplomates* had come to a mutual understanding; they could enter deeper and more minutely upon the object in view. 'Colas was informed of all which passed between the Ambassador and the Lord-cardinal; he then promised to exert his influence with the latter, and the Count once more repeated his assurance concerning the veil.

'Colas was not successful in his application to the Cardinal; on the contrary, he was answered abruptly, and somewhat sharply reminded that a French privy counsellor ought not to suffer himself to be influenced or guided by the agent of a foreign power. The negotiations in Pauline's *boudoir* proved much more successful; as soon as she learned the price at which the imperial veil was attainable, she simply said these few words — "Now leave it to me, 'Colas."

And in excellent hands it certainly was left. When next time she met the prince, he had, with his usual tenderness, nothing less to tell her than that she had appeared to him in his dreams, still infinitely more lovely of course than ever he had beheld her with open eyes, because, as an apparition, had been less cruel, and had actually bestowed a smile upon him — such a smile — which promised future happiness.

“Oh, my Lord!” cried Pauline, a little embarrassed, but nevertheless smiling sweetly; “I almost begin to fear that some ill-natured fay has her sports with the sleeping thoughts of us both; for only think, I had a similar dream! Yes! I beheld you more amiable than ever. You appeared to me at the head of an army, splendidly arrayed, and surrounded by banners of victory. You returned from a glorious campaign as conqueror — as the admired hero of the nation. I stood among millions assembled, to rejoice at your triumph; I stood trembling, for I dreaded to be forgotten by the adored hero; but he condescended to observe me, and approached; my delight was extreme, I lost all command of myself, and —”

The Prince could resist no longer, and caught the beautiful enthusiast into his arms; but she repulsed him with dignity, and changing her tone at the same time into one that could not but command respect, she continued: “Not thus, my Lord! You forget that the dream is over — that your army, your laurels, and your banners of victory, are wanting. Yes, my Lord! if ever I could give away my heart, it should only be to the hero who had brought glory upon France — upon my beloved country; and if you, as a man, were much less amiable than you are, I should still consider it my duty, yea, so good a patriot am I, should glory to reward the hero of France with my most ardent love — if,” she added, drawing back with a deep curtsy, “if he, the idol of all, would still deign to accept of it.”

“Ah! you are a wicked, a cruel creature,” exclaimed Soubise; “and either a high-flown enthusiast or a cunning *Penelope*. You show me happiness floating in a sea of impossibilities.”

“Impossibilities?” asked Pauline, astonished; “are we not at war with England?”

“And if,” replied the prince; “but you know I am no sailor, and the English cannot be attacked except at sea; or at least by crossing the seas. Yes; if I could throw a bridge over the channel, I would not even ask a smile from you till I had planted my standard on the very tower of London. But suppose you build me a bridge.”

“If you wish it, certainly, my Lord,” replied Pauline; “attack the English in Germany. Does not Hanover belong to the King of England? Why then spare it?”

“Mlle. de Pons is better versed in the politics of hearts, I find,” answered the Prince, smiling, “than in those of courts. You are probably not informed that the King of Prussia has concluded a treaty with Great Britain, by which Hanover is protected.”

"Protected? and by whom?" asked Pauline; "by that little King of Prussia? And why does our court not accept the alliance offered by Austria? Give little Frederick plenty to do against the Austrians, and he will not have much time left to care for Hanover. Why are you yourself, my Lord, contrary to the wishes of all France, in opposition to your own glory, against the connexion with Austria and the attack upon Hanover? Alas! if you knew how Paris thinks of you!"

The Prince threatened her playfully with his finger. "Treason! Mlle. Pauline, high treason! I hear Count Staremberg from your sweet lips."

In this tone the conversation continued yet for some time, and the Prince got at last, by Pauline's flatteries, fairly intoxicated with future feats of war, conquests, victories, and triumphs; seeing at the same time that the glittering dreams with which Pauline filled his imagination could only possibly be realized in case the French court united with Austria in a Continental war.

A severe contest disturbed his mind for several days. He felt sure of obtaining the supreme command of an army through Madame de Pompadour. Pauline had stirred his ambition to the extreme, by exciting his jealousy of the laurels gained by his former political antagonists and military rivals, the Duke of Richilieu and the Marechal d'Etrées. Halfways he had already got in his resolution to work in favor of the Austrian alliance, and one short subsequent conversation with Mlle. de Pons gained him over entirely.

He then exerted all his address and influence to gain the Marchioness of Pompadour for the Austrian party; but this time all his address and influence failed in that quarter. In vain did he put all the springs of female vanity into motion, to excite bitterness against Frederick of Prussia; but for once the lady remained firm. "I am far from admiring that poet king," she said "and I am perfectly aware how low I stand in his good graces. But I have not the honor to please the Empress-queen neither; so these considerations are balanced, and the glory of our King goes above all."

The Prince attempted in vain to imbue her with more favorable ideas in regard to the Empress Maria Therese, and assured her, without, however, making any impression, that she in confidential conversation never mentioned the Marchioness except with the highest admiration and the sincerest regard.

"No! no!" exclaimed the Marchioness, laughing; "you are too good-natured, my Lord! and take Staremberg's smooth words for ready coin. Do not trust him. I at least shall not believe him before the Empress thinks proper to write me, in her own hand, the fine things he makes her say."

The Prince had to conceal his disappointment, but he certainly felt chagrined; for he saw that his influence over the Marchioness was not

quite so irresistible as he fondly had flattered himself. He would have abandoned the whole affair as perfectly hopeless, had not Madame de Pompadour's last words suggested new plans. "Every thing depends upon flattering the Marchioness's vanity," he said to Pauline. "The Empress ought to be persuaded to write her a friendly letter, which would cost her nothing. The day that Staremborg delivers such a letter the alliance is as good as signed. But how hint this to the ambassador? Nobody must ever dream that the suggestion comes from me."

"Let that be my care," said Pauline; "a young lady is easier pardoned for starting so giddy a plan than a prince and a statesman; and what would I not attempt for a prince like you? What not for the realization of my fondest hope — to see you at the head of a brave army, to behold you numbered among the greatest generals of the age! Oh, my Lord! the day you receive the command, alas! I am afraid you will not look any more at poor me!"

Soubise, swearing everlasting fidelity and unalienable affection, threw himself instantly at the feet of the cunning Pauline, who was inexhaustible in new inventions calculated to inflame the Prince's imagination for future victories and glory. The thought of the veil animated, seemed almost to inspire, her.

'Colas was immediately made acquainted with Madame de Pompadour's demands, and he again had a secret interview with Count Staremborg, who instantly despatched couriers to Vienna.

About ten days afterwards there was a crowded evening party at the Marchioness's, and the Prince was among the number of the guests. Madame de Pompadour was in uncommonly good spirits; she watched the first opportunity to take the Prince aside, and told him, with her most bewitching smile; "I fear, my Lord, we shall soon have to part."

"And that you can tell me with *such* a smile?" he replied with unfeigned surprise.

"If I am deprived of the pleasure of your society, my Lord," she answered, "I must seek consolation in the delight it affords me that one of your most noble wishes is on the point of being fulfilled. There is no more doubt that his Majesty shortly will present you with a marshal's baton, and entrust the command of an army to your Lordship."

The Prince's eyes sparkled with delight. "But how is that possible?" he exclaimed, after having recovered from his extreme surprise.

"The King is inclined to accept the alliance offered by Austria; the Empress-queen having done that which almost would seem impossible. I confess she is by far the most interesting and gifted princess of the age. You should only see the charming lines with which she has honored me."

"The Empress has written you, then?"

"Hush, my Lord! to-morrow you shall hear more."

Late the same night, immediately after Mlle. de Pons had left Count d'Oron's family party, she heard a soft and cautious tap at her door. It

was 'Colas. He entered, all joy and delight ; and, unfolding the most beautiful veil that ever had been woven by human hands, threw it over the blushing girl. She stood a few moments entranced with delight at the fulfilment of her dearest wish, like an angel enveloped in silvery skies before him ; but then, throwing back the veil, she sunk into the arms of her too happy favorite.

A few days afterwards the treaty of alliance between France and Austria was ratified. Cardinal Bernis had in vain spoken against it with all his eloquence. He could not comprehend how the King, how the Marchioness, how the whole court so suddenly had changed. But he had, nevertheless, to sign the treaty, if he would not lose his remaining influence, perhaps his *Premiership*. He cursed in his heart the Duke of Choiseul, whom he considered as the author of this unhappy and unnatural alliance ; not dreaming that the desire of a handsome girl for a piece of lace, had vanquished the nicest calculations of the most finished statesmen, and had decided the most important affairs of two empires ; nay, as it turned out, produced an essential change in the political state and equilibrium of Europe.

CHAPTER XIII.

A great man longs for solitude.

"That deuced alliance will kill me !" exclaimed the Cardinal, when 'Colas, shortly after its ratification, entered the minister's closet loaded with despatches and memorials : "put those papers on the table yonder ; I feel neither disposed to read them nor to hear them read ; I am sick of any and of every thing. Believe me, Chevalier, this world of ours is full of nonsense and vexation ; I could almost turn philosopher out of pure despair."

"Indeed, I would wish your Eminence some philosophical medicine ; as, for instance, such as a good dose of indifference, or, still better, laughing humour, at the follies of men," said the privy counsellor.

"I would laugh," replied the Cardinal, "if I did not foresee too much disgrace and evil consequences for poor France. And then upon me, and me alone, the world will at last throw all the guilt, because the political enormity has appeared under my name, and I am considered its godfather."

"Alas ! my Lord, with how many a parent do you share this everyday's lot !" said 'Colas with a tragi-comical expression.

"If I only had the honour of knowing the real father of this diplomatic monster ! Help me at least to find him out, Rosier."

"My Lord, should this same monster, contrary to your expectation, turn out well, and bring fortune and glory upon France, I promise more than one parent will claim it. Remember, how many a city, which at first disowned her son, erected afterwards monuments to his memory; and who, my Lord, I would ask, is in our days so fortunate as to be able to pronounce his prognostics upon a child in its cradle? Let us in silence await the result."

The Cardinal replied with a good-natured smile: "Indeed, you are very young to be so aged a comforter. But you are perfectly right; we must look gay notwithstanding our wretched cards. However, do you seriously believe, Chevalier, that this connexion with our hereditary enemy and natural rival, against a power which Providence would seem to have destined for our ally, ever can be called a wise measure, even if it should turn out a fortunate one?"

"My gracious Lord! on this planet misfortune alone is called unwise; fortune, on the contrary, is always wise."

"You are right again, my friend, if you speak of the rabble," exclaimed the Cardinal: but those not belonging to that honorable class are not so blind as you think. Wise men will call it a foolish measure, however it may turn out; and thus will history one day call it a *foolish* alliance and — name me as the author of it."

"Oh, my Lord, do not trouble yourself about what writers of history may say; those people judge every thing according to the result. It is therefore they praise Brutus, Cæsar, and Alexander; and curse Cromwell, Spartacus, Attila, and Cartouche. The more reasonable will say: 'Cardinal Bernis played at hazard, and was lucky.' The very nice ones will reply: 'You talk like blockheads! the Cardinal was one of those master spirits, able to foresee important events in a wider extent than you can from behind your desks. That which appears hazard to you, was with him nothing but plain calculation, which could not prove deceptive; and that which you call luck and accident, was only the infallible result of his unequalled administration.'"

"Well! I will be content if fortune only this time favors folly! But, my dear Rosier, I fear me, thistles will never bear grapes."

"Since I have had the honor, under your Eminence's auspices, to serve in the field of diplomacy, I have already reaped two important fruits of experience, which put me at ease about all that possibly may happen."

"You ought not to withhold them from me, for I really require to be put at ease."

"The one is: we must not imagine that we rule the world from our closets, but ought to feel convinced that the world governs the latter. From the throne, down to the very man who brushes the dust from our shoes, runs an invisible chain, connecting all without our knowledge or will. Human events are nothing but the results of, to us, invisible ac-

tions and re-actions, effected by this social chain; and all our wisdom in opposition to it, will have to blush. The second is: Providence is, as in every thing, so in politics, the best guardian for blockheads; for I have seen that the very best heads may commit errors in their calculations; that the activity of the most active effects in the end no more than the squirrel in a cage, turning a wheel to the amusement of its childish owner. And, on the other side again, I have seen the most absurd measures, proposed by the greatest blockheads, produce happy and beneficial consequences; the idleness of lazy simpletons effect wonderful results."

"You are right, Rosier!" said the Cardinal. "I shall become your pupil. Fatalism is the true philosophy of despair, and I feel quite in a humour to turn philosopher of your school. Meanwhile I tell you candidly, this ugly affair is hard to digest. I long for solitude and rest, and therefore I shall go for a few weeks into the country, to dissipate my thoughts. The king has given me permission for a trip to Fontainebleau, and the use of apartments in the palace there. I request your company. In that beautiful solitude of rocks and forests, we may philosophise at our leisure. It will do me good; I hope, for a short term, to escape from the noise and bustle of the court, and respire a little fresh air before the beautiful spring is gone. Therefore, be ready; towards the end of the week we are off for Fontainebleau."

'Colas bowed assent, and expressing the lively pleasure which the Cardinal's partiality and condescension afforded him, withdrew, to communicate his interesting conversation to Mlle. de Pons.

But Pauline did not feel the same pleasure at his relation. "Perhaps for six weeks, for two months perhaps, we shall have to part," she exclaimed: "Why, 'Colas, that is an eternity! Ah, what would I give if I could accompany you, and roam arm in arm with you through the delightful, silent groves at Fontainebleau. How happy might we be there, once free from the restraint of fashion and etiquette to which this foolish world submits."

"Yes, we would live there as in Arcadia," said 'Colas: "but does Count d'Oron not own a dairy farm and country-house near Fontainebleau? why not persuade the young Countess to spend the month of May there?"

"A most capital idea!" exclaimed Pauline, delighted; and to work she immediately went, and pictured the charms of an idyllic spring, and the beauties of a country life, with such glowing colors that her young friend at once entered into her plans.

"Papa," said the young Countess to her father, "I long for solitude, the winter has been too much for me; I must breathe some fresh air. I have never yet been at our farm near Fontainebleau; let me spend a few weeks there. The court will remain at Paris, therefore we might now so much the better enjoy the beauties of the place."

The old Count, who was fond of fulfilling every wish of his only child, made no objection; and therefore an early day for their departure was named. Prince Soubise, as a friend of the family, was of course informed of it. He instantly calculated that time would pass heavily with the ladies; that there he might enjoy Pauline's society without the restraint of metropolitan formalities; that there, perhaps, in the shade of myrtle and rose bowers, she would listen to his suit. No sooner thought, than done! He made up his mind at once to surprise her by a visit, without mentioning a word about it.

"I have an inexpressible longing for solitude," he said to Madame de Pompadour: "before I enter upon all the activity and bustle of camps and battles, I should like, once more, to enjoy the tranquil pleasures of a country life; and among books and maps prepare myself undisturbedly for the campaign. Would not his Majesty grant me a few weeks at Fontainebleau? One word from you, and I should enjoy the few happy days still more, by thinking that to you alone I was indebted for them."

The Marchionness kindly promised him the king's consent; and on the following day he actually obtained it. But when Madame de Pompadour considered the Prince's request more maturely, and thought that her favourite soon would have to leave France, and his return uncertain, she felt sorry to be deprived of his company sooner than necessary.

"Sire!" she said to the King the same evening, "I feel an irresistible longing for solitude. The splendid every-day uniformity of a court life becomes tiresome. Your Majesty wants some change of scene. We have chosen *Marly* to spend the summer, but the beautiful spring claims our attention too. How would it be if we idled away a few weeks of May at Fontainebleau?"

His most Christian Majesty answered with a long yawn: "I feel exactly like you; order them to prepare. *Marly* does not run away. Let us to Fontainebleau; the sooner the better."

CHAPTER XIV.

How the solitude turns out.

The Cardinal had scarcely spent three days with 'Colas in philosophical retirement at Fontainebleau, and had scarcely poured out his delight in a few pretty verses, still to be found in his collection; when behold! the neighbouring farm of Count d'Oron was enlivened by the unexpected arrival of its noble proprietor and family.

"I am quite pleased at it," said the cardinal to 'Colas: "the young

ladies are amiable ; we will pay them sociable visits, and that will afford us some change in our monastic retirement."

The day following Prince Soubise made his appearance, and took, with his numerous suite, possession of one of the wings of the palace.

"It would seem we shall not remain quite to ourselves," said 'Colas to the Cardinal.

"True !" he replied : "but I am almost glad to see a little more life stirring between these dead walls. I confess I felt somewhat strange in this deserted palace of ours. Every footstep resounded through a hundred lofty apartments and galleries, as if they called for inhabitants. A cottage is, after all, perhaps the most proper place for country life ; but then that would scarcely suit *us*."

Two days later, twenty wagons arrived with the royal wardrobe, kitchen furniture, and other necessary baggage. In carriages and on horseback, a host of grooms of the chambers, lady's maids, cooks, masters of the horse, footmen, masters of ceremony, butlers, secretaries, chamberlains, chaplains, actors, gamekeepers, tailors, dancers — male and female — laundresses, pastry-cooks, barbers, and apothecaries entered the extensive courts of the palace. Gardens and courts, galleries and chambers, were crowded with strange-looking beings of every description. There was such a noise and bustle, such a hammering and knocking, that every nervous lady fell into fits. With flying colors, and full bands playing, some troops and battalions of the royal horse and foot guards made their entry next, and took possession of the barracks and guard-houses. Temporary bake-houses and butcheries, to supply this numerous retinue, were without delay organised and put into operation.

"Heavens !" exclaimed the Cardinal when 'Colas entered his room ; "heavens ! behold that spectacle, and pity me. What evil spirit could possibly induce me to select Fontainebleau for my recreation, unhappy man that I am !"

The next day artillery roared, the bells of the little town pealed, drums were beating, and his most Christian Majesty made his entry under the loud and rejoicing acclamations of his faithful subjects. A few hours later the Marchioness of Pompadour arrived with a suite, contained in only seventeen carriages.

"This rural life is enough to make a man lose his senses," moaned the Cardinal, quite exhausted from visits he had had to pay and audiences he had had to give : "Paris has at least the advantage, that it is a large city ; that you can avoid each other ; that a man can be by himself in the very middle of the crowd ; and can deny himself to troublesome visitors in case of emergency. But here, in this narrow space, composed of four palaces and five courts, you are crowded together to suffocation ; at every step you stumble over somebody, or somebody treads upon your toes. No *fibs* avail about *not at home* ; every body knows precisely where to find you. If I could, I would this very day go back to

Paris ; but the worst of all is, that I, in presence of the King and of the Marchioness, must look delighted, and express the utmost pleasure at seeing them here so unexpectedly."

"I pity your Eminence and myself at the same time," replied 'Colas : "but perhaps we shall soon be alone again."

"By no means, Chevalier ! the king finds the place pleasant, the Marchioness delightful, and the whole court enchanting."

"I am, meanwhile, glad that I at least can give your Eminence the consolation, that all the courtiers talk positively of going to Marly to spend the summer."

"Lord bless you, my dear Rosier ! that is entirely given up. The King said, even last night at the fireworks : 'I have not been so much amused in the country for a long time. I think we may as well spend the summer here.'"

'Colas tried in vain to afford the Cardinal consolation, and to find some himself ; he walked, towards the evening, down to the farm, where Pauline informed him of the circumstances which had brought Prince Soubise to Fontainebleau.

"Ha, ha !" thought 'Colas : "I begin to see light ; I brought Pauline here, Pauline drew the young Countess, the Countess the Prince, the Prince the Marchioness, the Marchioness the King, and the King the whole court. And, upon my word, a very pretty and dignified train it is I have got to follow me !"

This thought set him most heartily a laughing ; but then again his natural modesty suggested some doubts of the correctness of his conclusions. "Another trial will decide it," he said to himself ; "let us see whether my train will follow, or not, if I go back to Paris. In case it does, my poor Cardinal would be relieved too, and thus I might kill two birds with one stone."

"And why so pensive and dumb ?" asked Pauline, walking with her friend, on the following evening, through the beautiful avenues of the royal park lined with lofty sycamores : "has any of the handsome maids of honor taken the heart of your privy counsellorship by storm ? it certainly must be dangerous to dwell under the same roof with so many beauties."

"Nothing of the kind, you provoking creature ! Ever since I have had the honor to dwell under the same roof with Mademoiselle de Pons, the dangers you allude to have caused so complete a destruction, that nothing but the ruins of a heart are left."

"Well, then, confess honestly, 'Colas, why are you so serious, almost gloomy ; and why do I see you less at Fontainebleau than at Paris ?"

"Because I am less my own master here. We thought that we might be by ourselves here from morning till night ; and now we are, after all, less solitary than at Count d'Oron's palace in the very middle of Paris ; and if we must remain in this bustle and noise for four weeks

more, I shall be dead, long before, of ennui and impatience to see you. I long to go back to Paris."

"You speak from my very heart, 'Colas! I came here for our sakes, not for the sake of these gardens and all this splendor. If you can get rid of the Cardinal and return to Paris, I will follow you; I get a cold to-day, a violent headache to-morrow; after to-morrow I return to town, and recover — with you!"

"The business was settled. 'Colas! went to the Cardinal, who was still in a fit of ill humor, wishing his Majesty and the whole court anywhere but at the place which he had selected to recover his philosophical equanimity. 'Colas found it easy to give to their conversation a jesting turn. "If your Eminence will trust me," he said, "I will try my magical powers, and will endeavor to blow the court away again."

"Blow! blow by all possible means," exclaimed the Cardinal eagerly: "blow the whole court, with all its followers and appendages, up to the moon for what I care."

"In that case permit me to go back to Paris, my Lord," said 'Colas: "for it is there I shall have to fill my lungs for the task. In less than a week, perhaps, you will be as solitary here as a hermit."

"Ah, ha!" the Cardinal exclaimed, laughing: "I begin to understand you, my friend. You want to run away from this distracting bustle. Well, go; for that solitude and retirement I promised, I cannot give you now; keep me company you cannot, for, alas! I have too much of it! A happy journey to you! Indeed I envy you, and would follow instantly if common decency would permit. Go, but do not forget, as soon as you arrive at Paris, to get up to the very ball of the spire of *Notre-Dame*, and to blow with all your strength; blow away all, and every thing, until the last scullion."

'Colas wrote a note to Pauline, and set off for Paris. Pauline felt unwell next morning; faintness, headache, feverish agitation, &c. She asked the young Countess to permit her to return to Paris, for she felt convinced that these were only the symptoms of a dangerous sickness, which was to come. Next day she felt considerably worse, and implored with tears to be taken back to Paris. The young Countess insisted upon not parting from her friend, and her father had therefore nothing left but to have the two young ladies taken back to town; which he had done the more speedily, as a physician, who was sent for, made a very alarming face because he could not precisely understand and connect the symptoms complained of. He thought, therefore, that he, under no future circumstances, could be blamed; or could endanger the honor of his profession, if he declared it as his opinion that *Mademoiselle de Pons's* state, probably the effects of a cold, might possibly produce dangerous consequences.

Scarcely had Prince Soubise been informed of Pauline's illness and departure, when he made up his mind that there was no remaining for

him at Fontainebleau. Looking very downcast and distressed, he went to Madame de Pompadour. "Once more," he addressed her: "once more I hoped to enjoy supreme felicity for a short time, by being permitted to breathe the same air with you; but alas! I shall have to tear myself away from happiness! I have received despatches from Marshal d'Etrées; my presence in town becomes more and more necessary. The preparations for the campaign ought to be hastened; in my absence all business lags. Permit me therefore, Marchioness, that I prefer the honor of our excellent monarch, and the glory of France, even to my choicest happiness."

Madame de Pompadour was surprised; she attempted to change the Prince's mind, but he was able to represent the necessity of his going to Paris, of his being present at the reviews of the marching regiments, of himself transacting business at the different departments, so pressingly, and at the same time to picture his grief at parting from the Marchioness with so much devotion and affection, that she, herself deeply moved, at last told him: "Go, then, my dear Prince, where duty and honor call you. I am the greatest loser by your leaving Fontainebleau; but believe me I shall be jealous of every moment which I still may spend in your society at Paris. It seems to me that this air does not agree with the King; the weather is certainly a little rough yet. Perhaps the court may return to the *Thuilleries* before you expect it, and thence go to Marly for the summer."

The Prince took his leave. He was not admitted into the presence of the King, because his Majesty really felt indisposed; and the Marchioness had only been mistaken as to the cause of his complaint, which was not the rough air at Fontainebleau, but his showing too great a partiality the night before to a *paté aux truffes de Perigord*.

When Cardinal Bernis saw the Prince with his whole numerous suite depart, he could not help laughing. "A good beginning at any rate," he murmured to himself: "I believe that coxcomb Rosier is blowing away in good earnest from the highest pinnacle of *Notre-Dame*."

But when the report was spread that the air of Fontainebleau did not agree with his Majesty, that the court was to return to Paris; when the carriages and wagons actually were packed; the chamberlains, masters of the horse, tailors, players, dancers, butlers, chaplains, cooks, &c. &c. really prepared for their return; when the King set off for Paris, the Marchioness followed, the whole court, until the meanest scullion disappeared; when, finally, the troops of horse and battalions of foot-guards, colors flying and bands playing, marched off, so that the palaces of Fontainebleau resumed their tomb-like silence and tranquillity; the Cardinal exclaimed, almost alarmed: "Is this accident? or has that coxcomb Rosier (the Lord preserve us!) some evil spirits in his pay?"

CHAPTER XV.

How Prince Soubise is comforted after his defeat at Rosbach.

By Prince Soubise's departure for the army on the Rhine, one link of the magical chain, in which 'Colas had been more powerful than he himself at first had been willing to believe, was broken. The events at Fontainebleau had first made him conscious of his own strength in its full extent; but then, the Prince leaving France shortly afterwards, it was too late to apply it more to his own advantage. He was, however, far from regretting that he first then became aware of the powerful influence he possessed, when no fresh advantages could be derived from it. Constitutionally of an easy temper, and early accustomed to be content with little, he found himself almost, as if by enchantment, possessed of a rank, and a comparative wealth, much above his most ardent expectations. The diplomatic appointment he held, his influence with the Lord Cardinal, the importance which the foreign ambassadors attributed to him; all this yielded him, besides a handsome salary, many valuable perquisites and rich presents. He continued, nevertheless, his plain and unostentatious mode of living, being content with old Marcus for his valet, butler, and footman; and it is therefore not to be wondered, that his ready capital, in a very short time, increased to a very respectable sum, for the profitable investment of which he soon found an opportunity, by purchasing a considerable property in one of the provinces; and the clear income, which this newly acquired estate yielded, would alone have been sufficient to maintain him comfortably.

More he did not wish, and he would already now have exchanged his political career for that of an honest country gentleman, if Pauline had not, somewhat obstinately, opposed his plans; she loved him tenderly, she complied with all his wishes, as an affectionate sister will do towards a favorite and kind brother; that, however, of becoming his entirely and for ever by sacred ties, always excepted.

"We must wait a little yet, 'Colas," she would say; "I do not see why we should not. It has, believe me, for a maiden a particular charm to remain a girl and not to become a married woman before twenty. There is certainly something very flattering in constantly being surrounded, complimented, and praised, by admirers of every description. As a married woman, I should lose all these pleasures before the due time. The ominous age of twenty comes, alas! but too soon; then good bye to the days of girlish enjoyments, and it is time to change condition; for indeed I think I would rather die than be an old maid past twenty!"

'Colas could of course make no reasonable objection to a proposal backed by so incontrovertible arguments; which exercised the more powerful influence over him, as they were decidedly *French* and peculiar to the spirit of the times. But nothing passes quicker than the nineteenth

year of a young lady ; and shortly after her twenty-first birth-day, *Mademoiselle Pauline de Pons*, adorned with the most splendid veil that Paris ever had beheld, exchanged her name for that of *Madame de Rosier*.

It happened, strange enough, that their marriage was celebrated on the same day on which the French army, under Prince Soubise's command, was totally defeated in the memorable battle of *Rosbach*. The same courier who brought the afflicting news to the Lord Cardinal, was the bearer of a short letter from the vanquished hero to the bride.

"Pity me," he wrote ; "pity me, amiable Pauline ! I have suffered that little King of Prussia to outdo, to deceive, and to beat me. Yes, I deserve your compassion, as I, without any fault of mine, was compelled to fight him unprepared for a battle. I was hard pressed from all quarters ; and when it became earnest, that detestable Imperial army deserted me. Thus it is the King of Prussia, and you, who alone have conquered me, leave me not much hope for revenge. I curse the Prussians, but continue to adore Pauline. You wished to see me a hero at your feet ; the hero, alas ! I am not, but your captive I must remain for ever."

Madame de Rosier wrote back with the same courier : "Pity me, amiable Prince ! I suffered that little chevalier, Nicolai de Rosier, to outdo, to deceive, and to capture me. Yes, I deserve your compassion, as I, without any fault of mine, was compelled to give him my affection. I was hard pressed from the very bottom of my heart ; and when it became earnest, my youth deserted me. Only think, I am already past twenty ; and twenty years for a girl are more detestable than an Imperial army. Thus it is, Rosier, and the twenty years, that both have conquered me without leaving much hope of revenge. I curse the years, but adore my charming husband."

"But seriously, my Lord, let us not grieve without necessity. Believe me, the world will at the end care little for it whether a general or a maiden has been conquered. How many battles have been fought ; how many marriages have taken place, and have passed into oblivion ; and still the world goes her usual rounds. Your name will, nevertheless, be honorably recorded in the annals of history, as mine, I trust, will affectionately be remembered by my children and grand-children." —

Cardinal Bernis was, after the disastrous battle of *Rosbach* — which soon was forgotten at court on account of a new ballet composed by Vestris — very dejected and low-spirited.

"I have foreseen and predicted these misfortunes," he said to 'Colas, when fortune or superior skill continued to decide against the French arms, during the following year : "they may jest about it at court, but my honor, my reputation are ruined ; for France, yea, all Europe, must look upon me as the projector of that pernicious alliance with Austria."

"To an experienced and wise man like you, my Lord," replied 'Colas, "the opinion of France and of all Europe ought to be a matter

of utter indifference ; because you yourself know best how erroneous the opinion of men, upon events and their causes, is, in general."

" But I am minister ; and as such, I have been compelled to sign and sanction this unfortunate treaty. It is my name, therefore, upon which all blame must fall. The present generation, as well as that to come, will ask, and will have a right to ask, " Who has concluded it ? who rules, if the Prime minister, the Cardinal Bernis, does not rule ? "

" Pardon me, my Lord ; but I am fond of thinking the present generation, as well as that to come, too clever and too reasonable a set of people to ask any such thing. Yes ! your Eminence is as certainly prime minister as his most Christian Majesty, our most gracious monarch Louis XV., is King of France and Navarre. But you know my views on that subject, my Lord. Every man of sense will admit that neither the King nor your Eminence governs this country."

" What do you mean ? who then governs and rules ? You allude to Madame de Pompadour."

" Pardon me again. The Marchioness is as innocent upon that score as you and the King."

" You really think so ? Well, who is it, then ? You torture me to death. Speak out ! "

" Indeed, my Lord, I cannot tell ; perhaps some lady's maid, a tinker, a clerk in some department, the lady of some privy counsellor ; perhaps their daughters, their sons, or cooks, or footmen, or coachmen, or some other character or characters of that sort ; to-day one, to-morrow another. Accident or chance must rule there, where no firm and unalterable law prevails. Between the necessity of law and licentiousness of mere chance exists no medium ; and hence it is that the ministry, and the King himself, will ultimately be found nothing but tools and instruments, for the purpose of executing somebody's casual schemes."

" You will by and by make me regret ever having been at the head of the administration. You believe France, it appears to me, *not a monarchy*, but a *royal anarchy*. Oblige me by making your ideas clearer."

" I cannot be clearer. Your Eminence has expressed my thoughts in these two words — *royal anarchy*, which will prevail wherever the sovereign is considered the state, and the nation as existing for the sake of that state ; it must prevail wherever the will of a single individual promulgates the law of the country, and where the changeable humor of the monarch alone forms the constitution of the realm. Where, on the contrary, the law stands firm, apart from the power of the sovereign, and even above it ; there, and no where else, is perpetual order and a firm government. There the law is as lasting and firm as the various interests of the millions of people with whom it originated, are important ; and there it must be as difficult to change or alter the law, as it is to unite the views and opinions of hundreds of legislators from among the people."

"Ah, ha! I begin to think that you have studied the writings of the *Abbé Mably*, and that you are, together with *Montesquieu*, an admirer of the English constitution, and perhaps one of our philosophising malcontents."

"By no means. For my part I am remarkably well off in our royal anarchy; and have sufficient modesty to feel convinced that in a constitutional or law monarchy I hardly should have had the honor of serving your Eminence with my humble talents. You will admit, meanwhile, that with us nothing is more likely than that the sovereign may, in his judgment upon the most important matters, be influenced and led by a mistress or a favorite; the latter again by their favorites; these by their friends, and thus downwards to the very man who brushes our shoes; neither the sovereign nor the shoe-black dreams, of course, that the one exercises the least influence upon the other."

"Trifling causes, important results, I grant you," replied the Cardinal; "it appears, however, to me, that British parliaments and other legislative bodies, are not imperatively necessary in order to avoid that state of things which you call royal anarchy. A sovereign, with a firm determination to see justice done, assisted by active and wise counsellors, is, I should think, better qualified to give appropriate laws to a nation, and to order and regulate the affairs of a country, than an assembly of legislators selected from the various ranks of the people; for the sovereign and his ministers, overlooking the whole, must certainly perceive the wants and deficiencies more minutely and correctly than the best heads, from among the people individually, have it in their power to do."

"Your Eminence will permit me to doubt it; and if another *Henry Quatre* come on the throne, it would not exclusively be him and his friend, the great *Sully*, who would decide the most important state affairs; but depend upon it, every poor court-tailor, every inferior officer in the whole vast empire, would, according to chance or accident, in proportion to good or bad luck and his skill to profit by it, have his share of influence and power. It cannot be otherwise; because the sovereign is not omniscient, you will admit, nor are his ministers; and now such is the routine in our own and other monarchies, the King receives reports from his ministers and secretaries of the various departments, and forms his opinion accordingly. The latter have to compile their reports from despatches and statements received from governors of the different provinces. From whom do they derive their information? From the higher authorities and magistrates in cities, and from judges of the peace and assessors, in the country. Are the latter thoroughly acquainted with every particular which they report? Far from it! They employ their clerks to furnish them with materials, and the clerks again receive their information through statements from constables, bailiffs, and other characters, who but too often are even inferior in truth and honesty to a good *Savoyard shoe-boy*. This is the home-department. I will spare your Eminence my description of our foreign relations; how the chamber-

maid in the establishment of our ambassador at Madrid or Vienna sometimes will report matters which become highly important, to the footman, the footman to the lady's maid, she to one of the grooms of the chambers, who whispers them to the copyist, the copyist to the Secretary of Embassy, he to the Counsellor of Legation, who reports them to the Ambassador, the Ambassador to your Eminence, and your Eminence to the King. Now and then, it is true, some ambassador may perhaps, under peculiar circumstances, overleap all these by-ways, and may prefer to receive his information from its original source—the chambermaid; but your Eminence will agree with me that such proceedings are against all diplomatic rule, and I venture not to decide if they would improve affairs in general.”

“Upon my word,” exclaimed the Cardinal, when he had ceased laughing at the privy-counsellor's strange ideas, and his original mode of conveying them; “upon my word, Chevalier, if I do not put an end to this, you will, before long, convince me that I am nothing less than the reporter of gossip and scandal of the kitchen-wench and chambermaids in all the capitals in Europe.”

“It is but too true, your Eminence,” replied 'Colas, with a tragicomical expression. “Alas! I speak in some measure from my own experience.”

The Cardinal had too much delicacy and tact to overhear the last sentence, perceiving at once that if 'Colas was permitted to explain it *then*, he would probably say more than he would like to have known. He therefore gave another and more serious turn to their conversation, which, not having any immediate connexion with our *historical* story, we will not repeat here, for fear our readers in general, and our fair readers (if we have any) especially, might fall into that dead-like sleep produced by the, for us most powerful of narcotics, yclept *Politics*.

CHAPTER XVI.

An Exile, or practical argument for the Chevalier de Rosier's theory.

One consequence of the above-related conversation was, that 'Colas, contrary to his expectations, rose still higher in the Cardinal's good graces, that he became his constant companion; and that he was employed in transactions highly honorable and profitable, without at the same time requiring any extraordinary talent or exertion. Upon such occasions, gold and precious stones, in the shape of rings, watches, snuff-boxes, ear-drops, chains, and other diplomatic baubles, would almost shower down upon his writing-desk and upon Pauline's toilet; not to

mention sundry yards of ribbon in various colors, which, with their appendages, such as crosses, eagles, lions, sheep, &c. had already previously been fastened in his button-hole or suspended round his neck, by way of making him knight of most of the orders of the second, third, fourth, &c. rank in Europe.

'Colas expressed one day the deep sense of his gratitude to the Cardinal, who replied smilingly, "I have good reasons, my dear Rosier, to employ you in transactions which give but little trouble and responsibility, and nevertheless are best rewarded, harvests without sowing — real nobility work. I should like to settle with you in advance for damages you will be entitled to in case I one of these days should happen to ruin you."

"Your Eminence ruin me?" 'Colas asked, much surprised.

"And you, with your good sense and new doctrines to boot, are surprised? Do you not know that it is you who have reminded me that I walk over hollow ground in our royal anarchy? To-day I am minister. Can you tell me what I may be to-morrow? Indeed, my friend, I know it as little as the *grand-vizir*, or reis-effendi at Constantinople, can tell whether it is the pleasure of his sublime master to leave him twenty-four hours more in office, or to send him a friendly message, accompanied by a silver bowstring. You have the misfortune to have gained my affection, because you are an honest man. It is therefore my duty to provide for you like a friend as long as I am able to do so. If I fall, you must fall too; for the new favorite will not trust my friends, and will fill all higher offices with his favorites."

'Colas was deeply moved. He tried to cheer the Cardinal, and to dissipate the gloomy thoughts which appeared to have engaged his mind; but he knew himself too well how reasonable his friendly patron's fears were, and consequently how ill-founded *his* arguments against them would appear. When he mentioned the Cardinal's expressions to Pauline, she thought to see farther, and said, "Colas, to-day all people bow to you; we care little for that. If you fall together with the Cardinal, the same gentry will kick you, if you let them, which is of more importance. Choose your wisest plan, and resign voluntarily. The Cardinal has forebodings founded upon more than mere possibility; he kindly wants to give you a few hints; profit by them, and you will even rise in public opinion. We can live independently at our estate in *Provence*; and if tired of country-life, we can spend the winter at Paris; and pray, what else do we want?"

This was, a short time before, the very thing 'Colas had wished; but now, feeling some scruples at deserting the Cardinal at so critical a moment, it required all Pauline's eloquence, and many fine speeches about independence and the happiness of honorable retirement, to persuade him to it.

The Cardinal regretted to lose him, when 'Colas shortly afterwards formally resigned, but did not oppose the measure. "Where all de-

pend upon the pleasure and the will of one master, and nothing upon a firm, unchangeable law, a certain degree of selfishness becomes natural," said the minister with a good-natured smile: "go my friend; I do not blame you. You have an independent income, a fine country seat, and a charming wife, with whom to share these comforts; why would you remain a servant if you can become a master? Why not enjoy life undisturbedly, and throw away its troubles and cares as far as you can?"

'Colas received his dismissal in the most gracious and flattering expressions from his Majesty; and a handsome pension, which he had not expected, but which he did not refuse, was settled upon him for his *important* and faithful services. 'Colas and Pauline flew to their estate, where, surrounded by beautiful scenery, by rural activity, and the kindest neighbors, they soon forgot the intrigues and cabals of the capital, in which they themselves had taken so active a part. 'Colas, more in love with his wife than ever he had been with Mdle. de Pons, and Pauline all tenderness and affection for her husband, the young couple created themselves a true paradise of domestic felicity and bliss.

It was about two months after their arrival in *Provence* that the public prints announced the resignation of Cardinal Bernis, and the Duke of Choiseul's appointment in his place. Shortly afterwards 'Colas and Pauline, one fine afternoon, sitting in one of the beautiful *rose* and *myrtle* bowers with which they had abundantly adorned their extensive grounds, were not a little surprised suddenly to see the noble and majestic figure of the Cardinal standing before them. It was himself; he had left his carriages and suite at one of the neighboring farm-houses, and, to take his friends by surprise, had, with the assistance of a guide, found his way on foot.

"You happy beings!" he exclaimed, with a good-natured smile, when he observed that Pauline was rocking herself upon 'Colas's knee, her beautiful arms hanging affectionately round his neck; "I regret to disturb you, but I really felt anxious to see you in your paradise." He affectionately embraced his friend, and saluted the blushing cheek of his young hostess. The Cardinal was obliged to promise them two days, but to more he could not be persuaded.

"You do not know, my young friends," he said, "to whom you show hospitality. I am an exile from France, have to leave the country of my forefathers, perhaps for ever. I am now on my way to Rome, there to seek consolation and tranquillity, as well as I can, in cultivating my former acquaintance with the beautiful sisterhood of the *Nine*."

"How! you an exile from France, my Lord!" exclaimed 'Colas and Pauline in utter astonishment.

"To a philosopher of your school, my good friend, there can be no cause to wonder," replied the Cardinal: "the answer you once gave me, half-jesting, when I asked you, who governs? And you said, perhaps

tinkers, shoe-boys, or laundresses, I have now in good earnest found to be almost literally true. You know, I suppose, how the Duke of Choiseul rose in the good graces of the King? some pretty-faced girl, a distant relation of the Duke's and maid of honour to the Queen, had the good or bad fortune to please his Majesty. The young lady dreamt of soon becoming a second Marchioness of Pompadour, or *alter ego*, was far from being cruel, and the intrigue went on as usual. The Duke knew all, but feigned to be blind; the King secretly thanked him for it; but as soon as he observed that the King's temporary fancy no longer was inclined that way, he was again the first who expressed his disapprobation of the young lady's conduct, in high and strong terms, and who had her removed from court without delay. The King once more felt obliged to him. But it was the Duke's ambition and anxious wish to oblige the Marchioness of Pompadour at the same time, and for that purpose he had betrayed to her, of course in strict confidence, his Majesty's flirtation, and had his young relative only *then* removed from court, when the Marchioness secretly requested it. He played his part certainly in a masterly manner, and as a reward he received, immediately afterwards, the ambassadorship at Vienna, the most lucrative office in the gift of the crown. But a man so devoted to her interest, the Marchioness felt naturally anxious to have nearer to her person. Therefore, as soon as I resigned, because it was impossible for me any longer to look quietly at all the disasters and misfortunes which the Austrian alliance and the consequent war with Russia brought upon us, Choiseul succeeded me. To have been blind at the right time, and sharp-sighted again when required, that, and nothing else, placed the Duke at the head of the French government."

"But what," exclaimed Pauline, "caused your banishment?"

"A mere trifle, not worth mentioning," replied the Cardinal; "I had the misfortune to fall into disgrace with a *barrack-laundress*."

"Your Eminence is jesting," said Pauline.

"By no means! I have with some difficulty traced the current, which tears me from my country, to its very source, and there, behold! I found a *common soldier's washerwoman* the mistress of my fate and my fortunes. One of my grooms, it appeared, was engaged to be married to this girl. I dismissed him from my service, because he was in the habit of getting drunk every day, and was convicted by my steward of having sold the oats which he should have given to the horses. The girl came to me, and throwing herself at my feet, implored mercy for her red-nosed lover. I sent her about her business. She then ran to her particular friend and patron, a lieutenant in the guards, and complained of my cruelty. He went to his particular friend and patron, the lady of the comptroller-general, and persuaded her to induce her husband to speak to me. I refused to listen to his intercession, with some sharp remarks about its impropriety. He spoke of want of feeling, was angry; and then his turn came to complain, selecting, as depository of his grievances,

his intimate friend, the principal and confidential *fille de chambre* of the Marchioness of Pompadour. The *fille de chambre* told, heaven knows what, about me to the Marchioness ; and the Marchioness again, heaven knows what, to the King : in short, I received a most gracious communication, in which I was informed that his Majesty would permit me to change my present residence for any I might select beyond his Majesty's dominions ; but that it was desirable that I should make my choice as soon as possible, my palace being destined for another tenant. You see therefore now, my friends, that nobody but the laundress has brought me to you on my way to Rome ; and, on account of the pleasure she has thus given me, I could almost be willing to pardon her the rest."

The Cardinal left them in two days. 'Colas and Pauline kept up a correspondence with their banished friend, who, first after the death of the Marchioness of Pompadour, about six years after he became an exile, was permitted to return to Paris and into the good graces of the King. But he took good care never to accept again an office ; for he would mentally say, *Who governs?* 'Colas and Pauline were thankful for the uninterrupted happiness they enjoyed, and for seeing in their old age Pauline's prediction, as expressed in her letter to Prince Soubise, fulfilled ; for they left a numerous family of children and grand-children blessing their memory ; and the family of the *Rosiers* is, this present day, one of the most flourishing in *Provence*, as every traveller in that beautiful country can attest.

Prince Soubise, after a few more lost battles, returned to Paris ; looked a little awkward at first, it is true, but soon forgot his disasters, exerting himself with redoubled assiduity and diligence in his former and original profession, namely, that of a *Beau du vieux regime*, and as such he was liked and admired in the saloons of the *fauxbourg St. Germain*. He died a bachelor, and would always declare with a deep sigh, that his being so was entirely owing to Madame de Rosier, with whom, however, he kept up a friendly correspondence once a year ; always promising a visit to *Provence*, but which he never found leisure to pay.

His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XV., by the grace of God, King of France and Navarre, &c. &c. &c., was, on the 4th of February 1774, most graciously pleased to invent or discover a new dish, called *Consumé de becasses aux truffes de Perigord à la Louis quinze*, which, until August 1830, was considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of cookery ; but alas ! the secret was exclusively in the Bourbon family, and that dynasty, out of pure revenge, carried it away. It was therefore much apprehended that this monument of the great monarch's greatness would be lost to France and to the world for ever ; but late accounts from our transatlantic friends assert that the Carlists have some prospect of gaining over the two other principal parties in favor of a restoration, always provided that Charles X. pledges himself, on the day of his return to Paris, to make known to his faithful subjects the secret of the original and genuine *Consumé de*

becasses aux truffes de Perigord à la Louis quinze. As stated before, Louis XV. invented the twice-named dish on the 4th of February 1774. This was the last great act of his memorable reign. On the 7th of the same month he died, and on the 24th he was carried to the tomb of his ancestors, at St. Denis, in a hearse which cost four hundred thousand livres.

Kind reader, this tale is true. If thou wilt not believe it, we might with some justice call thee unreasonably incredulous; but we prefer to give thee good advice: go and spend, as we have done, twenty years in the secret archives of the principal capitals in Europe, and read, by way of recreation, all the histories, memoirs, biographies, *histoires secrètes*, &c. &c. &c. published since 1750 to our present time. If thou survive the task, which is more than doubtful, (for the living upon dust and moisture of old parchments and papers has even impaired our iron constitution,) thou wilt surely come and ask pardon for having disbelieved our word. But shouldst thou, against all reason and expectation, still remain incredulous or blind, why then we tell thee candidly, thou art not, and never wilt be, sufficiently prepared for the more abstruse and sublime studies of politics; begin with A B C, go where all is open and plain dealing; settle in a democratic republic; hie thee away to Washington, to the capital of democracy; get thyself appointed, with the advice and consent of the senate, *auditor*, *secretary of the treasury*, or *secretary of war*; yea, for what we care, be elected *vice-president*, and *president* into the bargain, so thou never again meddlest with us, who know how things ought to be managed, but alas, alas! are not.

IMPROMPTU ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

It grew not in that golden clime
 Where painted birds, in bowers as gay,
 Their notes on Tropic breezes chime,
 While Nature keeps her holiday!
 'Neath northern skies its leaflets first
 Expanded to the wooing air,
 And, in the lonely wild-wood nurst,
 It learn'd the northern blasts to bear.

Transplanted from its simple home —
 By rocky dell or wind-swept hill —
 Like birds in stranger climes that roam,
 And keep their native wood-notes still —
 Still in its modest vesture dressed
 It blooms, unchanged with change of scene,
 An emblem on its wearer's breast
 Of Truth and Purity within.

FRIDAY NIGHT, JAN. 22d.

C.

MARY STUART'S SONG,

ON A TEMPORARY RELEASE FROM PRISON.—VIDE THE PLAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Her nurse complaining that she cannot keep up with her, Mary replies —

O let me away! my bosom is burning
 To enjoy this new freedom! Be thou, too, a child!
 And along the green-glittering carpet of morning,
 Come try the soft footstep, light-winged and wild!
 Have I escaped from that prison so dire?
 Does the deep, gloomy dungeon then hold me no more?
 In full, thirsty draughts, O, let me inspire
 The free—the delightful—the heavenly air!

The nurse tells her that her prison is only widened a little — only the trees hide her prison from her.

O thanks, ten thousand thanks, the dear green groves
 Which from my sight that ugly prison screen!
 Happy and free my soul in vision roves —
 Why tear me from my sweet, delicious dream?
 Am I not in the bosom of the sky?
 Does not the enraptured eye
 Roam through the boundless heavens — far and free?
 Lo! where yon shadowy hills rise dim and gray,
 The borders of my own dear land I spy:
 And yonder clouds, on their swift southern way,
 Towards *France's* far-off, pleasant ocean fly.

Hurrying clouds! ye sailors of air!
 Could I but wander and sail with you there!
 O greet for me kindly my youth's lovely home!
 Cut off from my friends — a poor prisoner am I —
 Be ye then my messengers — your's is the sky —
 At the will of no queen through the heavens you roam.

Suddenly she hears the noise of the chase, and the well-known voice of Lord Lester, her former lover:

Hark! the clear sounding bugle! Hear it ringing
 A mighty peal o'er woodland and plain!
 Ah! on the fiery steed to be springing,
 And away, away, with the joyous train!
 Still more! O still more that well-known voice!
 How painful, but ah! how sweet the pang!
 Oft did it steal on my heart with delight,
 Among the wild heaths, on the mountain-height,
 When the noisy chase re-echoing rang!

LORD BROUGHAM'S DISCOURSE.*

IN the spirit with which knowledge is at present pursued, there mingles a great desire of universalism. Sciences, by brief but sufficiently ample and perspicuous treatises, have now become easy of access and apprehension, which a short period since required the exclusive devotion of those who aimed at success in any of their several spheres. Thus it is the triumph of our age, that a thirst for knowledge is not to be quenched at one fount — that the mind is not chained to move in one contracted orbit, but can roam discursive through all the rich gardens of science.

No one has more availed himself of this privilege than Lord Brougham; indeed, so extensive and varied have been his studies, that few, we venture to say, in his situation in life, have ever accumulated so vast information; and perhaps, it may be added, have digested it with so nice and skilful management, or wielded it with so much efficacy and power.

But to follow on the beaten track, where the labors of others have already erected the landmarks, how different from striking away boldly into paths as yet untried, and discovering the road to truth by the force of reflection and originality! How widely separated is mere acquisition from invention and discovery! The first demands but ordinary ability, memory, and industry — the latter, capacity, ingenuity, deep thought, and undivided attention.

This, then, is the only proper object of universalism — to become intimate with the results of the labors of the masters in science — to avail ourselves of the industry of those whose lives have been occupied in the investigation of the laws of their particular pursuits. We should never dare to rise the master spirit of every science — such a station requires superhuman intellect.

We believe it to be a duty which every man owes to the world, to select a profession; and a duty he owes to his profession, to enlarge its limits by discovery, or bring its riches home to the people by easy and familiar explanations; or ascertain, state, and prove the principles upon which it is based. This, to be well done, demands the labor of a life and the application of a mind undisturbed with other studies. Science is a jealous lover; and to be wooed with success, must be courted with exclusive devotion. She disdains those who serve two mistresses, and condemns inconstancy with insufficiency.

* A Discourse of Natural Theology, showing the nature of the evidence and the advantages of the study. By Henry Lord Brougham, F. R. S. &c.

Universalism, then, be it ever so useful and possible in mere acquisition, should never propose to occupy the field of originality. Few are gifted with the power of success in more than one pursuit, and in such rare instances the "diamond becomes diamond dust." "Perhaps there is no mighty river of genius which is not fed by a thousand tributary streams," remarks a popular author. How just! But if, instead of flowing on in one broad sheet, the force of the stream is divided and scattered, and it passes to the ocean by a hundred channels, its power and majesty sink into insignificance — the Amazon dwindles into the Ganges.

The author of the *Treatise on Natural Theology*, though engaged with political cares of no trifling weight, though incessantly devoting his pen to the diffusion of knowledge in the *Magazine*, and to the critique in the *Review*, has undertaken a task which, to be correctly completed, requires longer and deeper thought than any other in science. It will not excite much surprise, therefore, should his results be found defective, fallacious, and occasionally betraying either a gross ignorance, or an unpardonable neglect of principles long since unquestioned in every school of metaphysicians.

The object of this work is "to show that Natural Theology is a science, the truths of which are discovered by induction, like the truths of Natural and Moral Philosophy." The first argument is analogical, and proposing to demonstrate that there is nothing but an *appearance* of diversity between the character of the evidence of different truths in physical and in psychological philosophy, infers therefrom that the difference between the evidence of these branches of Philosophy and Natural Theology may be as unreal.

To bear the brunt of this argument he selects a "*careless observer*," whom he supposes to divide all objects of contemplation into two classes. First, those of which we know the existence by our senses and consciousness; second, those of which we know the existence by a process of reasoning founded on something originally presented by the senses or by consciousness.

There is nothing in this division which is not perfectly correct and logical, if the method by which we know the *existence* of objects is to be assumed as the basis of classification. But his "*careless observer*" — and now, indeed, he becomes unconsciously careless — arranges under the first of these heads the members of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, the heavenly bodies, and the mind; and under the second, whatever objects of examination are not directly perceived by the senses or felt by consciousness. After raising this man of straw, our author thrusts at and batters it down without mercy. He shows that there are many objects included in the first head which require a process of reasoning to inform us of their existence, and that there is no branch of Natural Philosophy which does not discuss *some* objects, the know-

ledge of whose existence is denied from reasoning. This conclusion, formed on just grounds, destroys consequently the arrangement made under the classification of his "careless observer." But when it is attempted to invalidate the classification itself, and to evince that not only no branch of science as a *whole*, but that no object *whatever*, can be ranked under the first class; and that all knowledge of existence is derived from reasoning, the results of his argument stand opposed to the great first principles of psychology.

But let him speak for himself.

"But can we say there is no process of reasoning even in the simplest case we have supposed our reasoner to put — the existence of the three kingdoms — of nature — of the heavenly bodies — of the mind? It is certain that there is in every one of these cases a process of reasoning. A certain sensation is excited in the mind through the sense of vision. It is an inference of reason that this must have been excited by something or must have had a cause. That the cause must have been external may possibly be allowed to be another inference which reason could make unaided by the evidence of any other sense. But to discover that the cause was at any, the least distance, from the organ of vision, clearly required a new process of reasoning, considerable experience, and the indication of other senses. Experience and reasoning *therefore* are required to teach us the existence of external objects and the existence of the mind."

There is an obvious confusion in these paragraphs of reason and reasoning; terms whose meaning, it would be supposed, had been made sufficiently distinct by most of our later metaphysicians, to have prevented this unwarrantable and sophistical substitution. It would seem to be well established, that an act of reason is either original, without being preceded by any thing but a sensation or an act of consciousness; or is a deduction from prior judgments founded themselves upon sensation or consciousness. In the perspicuous language of Reid —

"Reasoning is the process by which we pass from one judgment to another which is the consequence of it. Judgments (acts of reason) are distinguished into intuitive, which are not grounded upon any preceding judgment, and discursive, which are produced from some preceding judgment by reasoning."

The same distinction is pointed out by numerous authors so clearly as to admit of no dispute, though there seems to be some question as to the restriction of the term, intuitive, to those acts of reason which have no precedent but sensation or consciousness. But be this as it may, the difference between reason and reasoning, especially when used in the same argument, is almost too obvious for discussion; the one being the action of the mind on sensation or consciousness, and the other its action on its prior conclusions.

Keeping constantly in view this ambiguity of expression, let us now inquire whether the existence of *any* object can be deduced from a simple original act of reason; or whether, as is asserted, such existence is the conclusion of several of those acts formed in that series called reasoning. Let a flower be placed within the range of vision — a sensation is caused, and the immediate consequence of the sensation is a full

conviction of the existence of the flower. "It is an inference of reason that this sensation must have had a cause," remarks Lord Brougham. Is not, we would ask, the idea of existence the essential of that of cause? Unquestionably.

If, then, the first inference of reason is that the sensation proceeded from a cause — if *this* is a conclusion original, immediate, and instinctive; and if the idea of existence be the logical condition and an actual part of the idea of cause, and necessary to its formation; how can it possibly be said to be deduced from it by *reasoning*? The true view seems to be this — that although a belief in the existence of an object does not succeed the idea of cause because it is its logical condition, so neither does it precede it, because the formation of the idea of cause was the *occasion* of the origin of that of existence.

It is sufficiently apparent, therefore, that our "Observer," in his classification of objects according to the method by which we attained a knowledge of their existence, was not quite so "careless" as our author would fain force him to be; but has clearly classified on grounds true and philosophical. With all proper deference to the reputed high authority whence this doctrine is advanced, we would suggest that such division of objects is by no means "superficial and imperfect," but based on the true processes of the mind in the acquisition of knowledge.

His analogical argument being thus illogical and insufficient, the more direct attempts to establish a similarity between the evidence of Natural Philosophy and Natural Theology, may perhaps be entitled to as little credit and respect. A comparison is now made between the physical and psychological branches of Natural Theology, and physical and psychological science. Without any difficulty, as none can possibly occur on this point, he shows, by familiar illustrations, that our knowledge of those mechanisms of nature, in which means are evidently accommodated to the production of certain ends, is obtained by induction and experience. The cuticle of a leaf consists of air bladders pierced with stomata less numerous on the under than the upper side. Beneath it on the upper side is another system of bladders, arranged perpendicularly; whilst those on the other side of the leaf are placed parallel. Hence on the upper side the structure is most compact, and on the under, where the process of respiration is carried on, it is more cavernous, and consequently more accommodated to perform its peculiar functions. But in the nuphar, whose leaf rests on the water, respiration cannot take place on the under side, and this office is thrown on the upper surface; which, though in other cases it has the fewest stomata, is here furnished with all of them, to provide for the change in the situation of the leaf, and the consequent alteration in the locality of the organs of respiration. None, we should suppose, would presume to deny that such facts in Natural Theology as these were the result of observation — of patient inquiry, and careful comparison — of long, minute, and unwearied in-

vestigation of the structure and habits of the vegetable world. This has always, we imagine, before the appearance of this work, been beyond controversy. But the most important branch of this argument is the last, which relates to the conclusions drawn from this array of beautiful adjustment, and to the manner in which they are attained.

It is disposed of in this way :

"The question which the theologian always puts, upon each discovery of a purpose manifestly accomplished, is this ; 'Suppose I had this operation to perform by mechanical means, and were acquainted with the laws regulating the action of matter, should I attempt it in any other way than I here see practised ? If the answer is in the negative, the consequence is irresistible ; that some power capable of acting with design and possessing the supposed knowledge, employed the means we see used. But this negative answer is the result of reasoning founded upon induction, and rests upon the same evidence whereon the doctrines of all physical science are discovered and believed.' "

Such is the reasoning of the Natural Theologian.

But though, as it has been a point for discussion, whether such be the invariable path pursued in acquiring the idea of design, or whether, on the contrary, it springs up in every mind immediately and intuitively on the perception of adjustment ; yet, passing this by, there is, we conceive, in this argument a fallacy of great import.

The object of this treatise is to prove Natural Theology to be founded upon experience ; design is the key-stone of Natural Theology, and if it can be shown to be derived from experience, the object is gained. But the idea of design clearly presupposes that of cause, which is indubitably its logical precedent ; and which, to make the chain of reasoning sound and faultless must also be derived from experience. We are not surprised accordingly to meet such sentences as —

"When we see that a certain effect, namely, distinct vision, is performed by an achromatic instrument, the eye, why do we infer that some one must have made it ? Because we nowhere and at no time have had any *experience* of any one thing fashioning itself, and indeed cannot form to ourselves any distinct idea of what such a process as self-creation means ; and further, because when we ourselves would produce a similar result, we have recourse to like means ; and also the being of whom we thus acquire a knowledge (God), and whose operations as well as *existence* we thus deduce from a process of *inductive reasoning*, must be," &c.

In the body of the work we find this speculation, for it deserves no higher appellation, thus briefly noticed ; but the author, as if aware on what slender basis he had placed it, expresses (in the notes) his views somewhat more amply and clearly. Causality, he says,

"Is an idea we derive partly from succession and partly from consciousness ; the succession of effect to cause we obtain from observation ; but the idea, not merely that of constant connexion or succession, but of the one exerting a *power* over the other by an inherent force, springs from consciousness. We *feel* that we have a will and a power ; that we can move a limb, and effect, by our own power, excited after our own volition, a change upon external objects. Now, from this consciousness we derive the idea of power, and we transfer this idea, and the relation upon which it is founded, between our will and the change produced, to the relations between events wholly external to ourselves, assuming them to be connected, as we feel our volition and our movements connected."

That we have this power — that there is this mutual connexion between a volition and a motion, is an universal conviction: but that the mind *feels* — is *conscious* of this connexion, seems to us not quite so certain.

Consciousness can only inform us of the present operations of the mind. It is a dial whose transparency stretches not one line beyond the extent of the internal machinery. Hence no action which takes place without the exact limits of the machine, and therefore no act of connexion can be perceived through it; for connexion implies something not within the range of the dial — the connecting link of the object to be connected. Now, if it cannot be shown that we become acquainted with the external movement succeeding a volition by consciousness instead of observation, his reasoning falls groundless.

But again; if we are not conscious of a real communication which the mind feels to be established between itself and matter, merely because this communication exists; the only remaining way in which we could be conscious of it, must be from an inherent *necessity* of the succession of the motion to the volition. But so far from the mind's feeling such a necessity, we do not even know in what manner motion is connected with volition, or mind with matter — we can easily conceive of a volition without a motion, and are familiar with instances in life fully illustrating such possibility.

It appears to be plain, therefore, that the succession of a change in matter to an act of the will differs in no way from all other cases of succession, and gives us no better explanation of the manner in which the idea of causality originates. It follows irresistibly, that causality is not the offspring of *experience*; and the reasoning of our author on this point is without basis and sufficiency.

It being thus obvious, presuming the idea of design to be the result of experience in connexion with the preconceived idea of causality, that if the latter idea is not derived from, the former cannot be *wholly* based upon, experience, it is as unquestionable that a belief in the existence of a Deity can in no possible method be obtained by experience *alone*. For furthermore there are objects possessed of life and motion, which, without design being perceived in them, carry back the mind to a first cause. In these two cases, the conception of God from the design manifested in inanimate objects, and the conception of God from the manifestations of moving and animate objects, which include the whole field of nature; the knowledge of his existence is obtained in the first *partly*, and in the second *wholly*, without the aid of inductive reasoning. We have been thus particular in commenting upon this argument, because we believe it to be of great import. The opinions here broached are such as must, in time, make momentous revolutions in Moral, Metaphysical, and Theological Science; and if untrue, should be exposed in their naked falsity and deformity,—and this, too, notwithstanding they be conveyed under the specious pretext of placing Natural Theology on a

supposed firmer basis, and dignifying it with the appellation of a science. It is, indeed, beyond comprehension how it should be pretended that a science should attain a higher elevation in human belief, or receive greater respect from the correct logician because its truths are founded on reasoning by experience, instead of the intuitions of reason. It is inexplicable how a great principle of Natural Theology can obtain stronger confirmation from its being a conclusion founded on an accumulation of facts, the fall of one of which would involve the whole edifice in ruin, than from its standing forth the result of an incontrovertible act of pure reason. And yet it was to satisfy certain persons who imagined Natural Theology "a speculation built rather on fancy than on argument, or at any rate as a kind of knowledge quite different from either physical or moral science," that Lord Brougham undertook to prove its evidence strictly inductive. To enlarge its claims to notice — to strengthen its foundations — to clothe it in armour impenetrable to the assaults of sophistry or argument; these are his assumed objects. For this purpose the idea of causality, which starts into complete and Minerva-like existence, is displaced for one, the creature of induction; and open, like all similar conclusions, to be assailed by logical acumen and cavilling sophistry; or, perhaps, in the end to be subverted by sound and convincing reasoning.

It is precisely in this way that the deepest and most vital wounds have been inflicted upon the symmetry of Moral and Metaphysical Science. The attempt to prove what is incapable of proof has been a fearful weapon in the hands of the sceptic, and should, we think, while the name of Locke is remembered, have deterred even a Brougham from like essays, lest he also may find his Berkeley. The advice of Ben Jonson on this point is a jewel of good sense, "Let us beware, while we strive to aid, we do not diminish our defence."

But such a maxim is too common-place for our author. He has laid down *his own* plan, and followed it undeviatingly. Though he has argued and illustrated with all the strength of his genius, and advocated his point with assumed sincerity, and pursued it with apparent zeal — the day will never arrive when he can claim, from the merit of these efforts, to be immortalised with a Butler by the pencil of the enthusiastic painter.* As the body of Natural Philosophy proceeds from induction, so he imagined it would cast a halo around Natural Theology could it be derived from the same origin. But examination dissipates this false brilliancy; and the true logician unites with the sincere friend of religion, in deprecating these attempts to rest it on any other than its legitimate foundations.

"Though we have already extended our remarks further than it was our

* Barry's Elysium was a high tribute of talent to the successful labours of the author of "The Analogy."

original intention, we cannot refrain from taking some notice of the chapter on reasoning *à priori*. It appears to us there is an unphilosophical conversion of terms in the use of the words experience and induction, not only in this, but also in the preceding parts of the work. Sometimes it would seem that experience means nothing more than a simple act of observation; and a conclusion by experience, only a conclusion of the reason from observation.

For example, what else can experience signify in such sentences as "We can have no idea whatever of space apart from experience." "Therefore our ideas of space are the result of our experience as to external objects." Substitute the word observation, and the meaning becomes plain; and, what is more, practically true. But, on the other hand, in the following passages he would seem by experience to intend induction.

"But it deserves to be remarked that this argument, which professes to be *à priori*, and wholly independent of all experience, is strictly inductive and nothing more;" and again, "Time is the succession of our ideas, and we have the notion of it from consciousness and memory. From hence we form an idea of indefinite time, or eternal duration. But the basis of the whole is the observation which we have made upon the actual succession of our ideas; and this is inductive, though the process of reasoning be very short."

If by an inductive conclusion is intended an idea formed by the observation of one fact, but which is as perfect as if supported by the experience of many, an idea which does not become more true or complete by a myriad of additional observations; then, indeed, has much time and argument been wasted by our author.* But if the true signification was known (as it must have been), then the *ad libitem* substitution of terms, so widely differing in meaning, must stand condemned as a sophism equally glaring and unsuccessful.

That Dr. Clarke did not consider his argument *à priori* wholly independent of observation in the sense in which Lord Brougham has stated it, is, we conceive, unquestionable. His intention was, we humbly suggest, to assert that from ideas formed by the action of reason on sensation and consciousness, others might be deduced which were in no way conclusions of induction, nor founded on experience alone. Some extracts from his Sermons may serve to explain his intention more fully."

"The numerous arguments which prove (in particular), the being of God, may be naturally reduced to the two which follow:

First. That it is evident that both we ourselves, and all the other beings we know in the world, are weak, and dependent creatures, *which neither gave ourselves being nor can preserve it by any power of our own*; and that therefore we entirely owe our being to some superior and more powerful cause, which superior cause either must be itself the first cause, which is the notion of God; or else, by the same argument as before, must derive from him, and so lead us to the knowledge of him.

Secondly. The other argument to which the greatest part of the proofs of the Being of God may be reduced, is the order and beauty of the world.†

* Stewart, 2. 257. Nov. org. lib. 1. Aph. 105.

† Dr. Clarke's Works, vol. i. 5.

It is clear that these are plain admissions of the partial agency of experience in forming a belief of the existence of God. And now, after having proved the existence of a deity, we find him attempting to show his *necessary* qualities *à priori*. We accordingly begin to meet such reasoning as this: "God is absolutely unchangeable, because his being is necessary and his existence self-existent" — "In respect of his perfections likewise as well as his essence God is absolutely unchangeable, because whatever is necessarily flows from any cause or principle, must likewise of necessity be as invariable as the cause or principle from which it naturally proceeds." "He who exists by necessity of Nature 'tis manifest must exist in all places * alike."

It being thus apparent, both from these selections, and just as strongly by the very quotations cited by Lord Brougham, that it could not have been Dr. Clarke's purpose to have denied the necessity of observation prior to the formation of ideas; it is obvious that he was not guilty of the absurdity laid to his charge, that the nature of his argument *à priori* has been wholly misconceived, and that he never pretended to argue *à priori* to *all* experience, but prior to and without the use of *direct experience on the precise point to be demonstrated*.

The remaining part of this treatise is of little importance compared with those which have been the subject of comment. After some ingenious reasoning on Materialism, a probable explanation of Lord Bacon's views of the doctrine of final causes, and remarks on scientific arrangement, he concludes with noticing the advantages of the study of Natural Theology.

Over this engrossing topic he breathes an eloquence that comes fresh from a heart that has communed closely and deeply with the Spirit of Nature. It is delightful to see a great mind thus joining in an anthem of praise to the Maker for the exhibitions of benevolence, power, and intelligence which beam from every material mechanism. A mind which, from the observation of its own skilful and beautiful conformation, responds to the voice from every object of the universe, proclaiming one great designing spirit, and glories in humanity as the first and most perfect manifestation of Deity. Indeed, here we almost forget his wish to found a knowledge of the existence of God on experience, and would fain attribute it to a prejudice for inductive evidence, and a natural but excessive affection for theory and generalization.

The observations on the connexion between Revealed and Natural Religion contains the startling assertion, "That it is a vain and ignorant thing to suppose that Natural Theology is not necessary to the support of Revelation." Of this we have but to remark, that if his argument, in which this opinion is endeavored to be proved, establishes any thing, it shows that, even with the assistance of Natural Theology, Revealed Reli-

* Dr. Clarke's Works, vol. i. 39, 40, 47.

gion may be a deception ; a conclusion which we would be unwilling to suppose our noble author ever intended to be deduced from his reasoning. We believe revealed religion can stand firm on its own basis. The various beautiful confirmations it receives from the tracings of God's hands, in every object, material or spiritual, unite like the diversified colors of the prism, and illuminate its principles with the *Revealed Religion of Nature*.

An evident aspiration for originality pervades his treatise. The author appears to be continually casting about for some new thought which may effect a great revolution in Natural Theology, and in the endeavor, though adroit and ingenious with his weapons, he is invariably foiled and defeated. The stamp of truth is on the principles he would combat ; and no torrent of sophistry, false logic, or abstruse speculation, can efface the impress. It is our firm conviction that, in spite of this work, no alteration will be made in the general belief of the evidence upon which Natural Theology rests ; but at the same time we look upon the attempt as we do the ineffectual struggling of a courageous band of rebels contending against the sword of justice — admiration of their prowess mingles with regret that they had not striven in a better cause.

A.

THE LIGHT OF PEACE.

I.

THERE'S a light that is seen in our loneliest hours,
It awakens the soul from the sleep of despair,
And it comes to the heart like the dew to the flow'rs,
Imparting the freshness it meets not with there.
'Tis felt in our moments of bitterest anguish,
When grief, like a storm cloud, sits dark on the breast, —
And, cheered with its warmth, does the soul cease to languish,
For it promises rapture and wins it to rest.

II.

It sheds not its ray for the Tyrant, awaking
That calm in his soul which he knew not before —
It charms not the warrior from blandishments breaking
To bathe to the hilt his proud falchion in gore.
But it comes when the first glow of joy has departed,
It soothes the high pulse, and it softens the pain —
And it brings back that calm to the lone, broken-hearted,
The mourner had hoped not to cherish again.

III.

It comes like the moon shining through the dark hours,
And it tinges life's sky with its ruddiest glow,
And gives to the forests, and flings o'er the flowers,
Those soft rainbow tints that embellish them so.
It shines — and the desolate heart long forsaken,
Won away by its glow, with its sorrows may cope —
It comes, and with magical power, to awaken
Every flow'r of our youth, every dream of our hope.

EROS.

A BRIEF ARGUMENT

FOR WOMANLY INDEPENDENCE IN THOUGHT AND ACTION.

AMONG the oracular sayings of Coleridge which have lately been promulgated to the world, is an assertion, which, though apparently tinctured with the illiberality of a barbarous age, harmonizes in *reality* but too well with the narrow prejudices of our own. "It is the perfection of woman," says this eccentric author, "to be without any character. Every one wishes for a wife (like Ophelia and Desdemona), who, though she may not always understand him, can always feel *with* him and *for* him." Would Mr. C. have us believe that the capacity of sympathy exists in an inverse ratio to the powers of the understanding? *Is it possible* for us fully and entirely to sympathise with one whom we can neither understand nor appreciate? Even were it otherwise, it may be doubted whether sympathy itself is so essential to the happiness of a mind of intelligence and sensibility, as the soothing and flattering consciousness of being thoroughly understood. The wife of the morbid and enthusiastic eulogist of Solitude, touchingly exclaimed on her death-bed, "My poor Zimmerman, who now shall understand thee!" The characters of Desdemona and Ophelia, to which Mr. Coleridge has referred as illustrative of his opinion, are most injudiciously selected for such a purpose, since both are far removed from that large and exemplary class of female non-entities admired by Mr. C., and immortalized by Pope as having "*no characters at all.*" Ophelia, indeed, "the gentle, fair Ophelia," is too youthful, too immature in character and mind, for us to argue from the yet unfolded bud what might hereafter be the nature and properties of the perfect flower. But Desdemona, gifted with a penetration which enabled her to discover under the dusky visage of the Moor his noble nature; with a firmness and decision which led her to follow her husband, fearless of danger, through the perils of foreign warfare; faithful in friendship, firm of purpose, generous, constant, and confiding. Surely, to speak of this excellent and noble creature as a woman without character, capable only of sympathizing with her husband but not of understanding him, is an instance of deplorable misapprehension and blindness.

I have frequently met with a sentiment of a somewhat similar nature and tendency to that which we have been discussing, implying that hypocrisy should rank first among a woman's virtues. This remark, al-

though, perhaps, originally uttered in irony, seems to be generally received and acted upon as a literal truth. According, therefore, to modern precept and approved practice, a woman must either have no character of her own, or, having one, must conceal and suppress it. Truth and nature are sacrificed to a narrow and timid policy, and every indication of individuality of character or independence of opinion is pronounced a dangerous innovation of established precedent.

All minds are compelled to wear the same livery, and all to present the same dull uniformity of aspect. I have somewhere read an anecdote of a person who, on passing before a large mirror at a masked ball, knew not how to recognize himself among the number of dominoes like his own, until some casual motion of the head or hand revealed him to himself. Thus in modern society all individuality of character or manner is lost under that monotonous exterior prescribed by fashion, while the insipid and the pretending, finding their advantage in this state of things, cry out against every attempt at reformation, which oppressed nature and insulted genius oppose to these despotic rules.

The English have been often justly censured for that formality of manner and narrowness of opinion which are said to characterize the general tone of fashionable society in that country. The same censure might with equal if not superior propriety be applied to the Americans. The ridicule and dread with which every thing new or strange is received by them; their conventional standards of action and thought; the importance attached to trifles in every thing relating to the etiquette of social intercourse; the general absence of all freedom, grace, and ease in their conversation; the deficiency of liberality of opinion and independence of character;—these defects are obvious not only to strangers, but to all unbiassed observers among our own countrymen. The beautiful variety of nature is often sacrificed to that false taste in manners which prescribes an insipid formality and frigid indifference as the unvarying criterion of good breeding. "Manners," says the acute and critical Lady Morgan, "should, like the graduating scale of the thermometer, betray by degrees the expansion and contraction of the feelings—they should breathe the soul in order to win it." The manners of the superior orders in America, on the contrary, seem to be formed after one model. Cold, reserved, and spiritless, they echo with calm propriety and in regulated and established phrases the insipid common-places of conversation. Their talk is of persons rather than of things: of events rather than ideas; while the selfish and cowardly apprehension of committing themselves by the expression of sentiments unauthorized by popular opinion, restrains all freedom of discussion, all graceful and modest self-reliance, all generous confidence in others. Mrs. Jamieson has truly observed that the moral education of a young female of the present day is for the most part negative. "It is not — 'this you *must* do,' but 'this you *must not* do' — 'that you *must not* say.' And if by some hardy ex-

panding nature the question is ventured 'why?' the answer is ever ready from the instructress or governess, 'It is not the custom;' 'it is ridiculous.' 'But is it wrong?' interrogates the youthful reasoner. 'My dear, you must not argue — young persons should never argue.' It seems hard," continues Mrs. Jamieson, "that those who have hearts and souls must needs conceal them to oblige those who have none."

I have long been of opinion that perfect sincerity of language and independence of thought are the qualities of all others the most essential, not only to the enjoyment and improvement of social intercourse, but also to every species of moral and intellectual progress. If women could be once brought to feel the beauty of a character true to nature, simple, independent, and sincere — the exquisite and unrivalled charm of a manner natural, flexible, unconscious, and unpretending, we should no longer have to encounter in every society those lovely automats so admirably and humorously described by the *veracious* and *sagacious* Madame Trollope; but, instead of these, we should meet with those various complex and delightful traits of individuality with which nature stamps her children. I lately felt a peculiar degree of satisfaction in hearing my own views of this subject sanctioned by the judgment of one whose whole character and conduct are a beautiful exemplification of her principles. I refer to Miss Harriet Martineau. She was of opinion that some of the most conspicuous defects in American society were chiefly owing to an absence of the principles for which we have now argue; a deficiency which cannot well be concealed, since it influences our conduct in the most trivial as well as the most important relations of life. How frequently do we meet with persons who, when a subject is discussed in their presence with which they are unacquainted, will resort to the most humiliating subterfuges in order to appear wiser than they really are, instead of honestly avowing their ignorance and seeking information from those who may best impart it. Lord Bacon, in his own quaint and peculiar manner, has admirably touched off this species of folly. "It is a ridiculous thing to persons of judgment to see what contrivances these formalists resort to, to make superficies to seem body that hath depth and bulk, they do nothing or little very solemnly; they seem always to keep back somewhat; and when they know within themselves they speak of what they do not understand, would nevertheless seem to others to know that of which they may not well speak."

The absence of moral independence, as I before remarked, is as conspicuous in the most trivial as well as the most important concerns of life; and it even requires more courage than many people are aware of for a young lady to wreath her glossy locks into the classic knot immortalized by Grecian art, when the despotic dictates of fashion require that they should be tortured into the formal "*puff*," or gathered into the heavy and ungraceful "*twist*." Most persons value things less in propor-

tion to their intrinsic utility and beauty, than according to the arbitrary standard of worldly opinion. Thus, in the estimate which is formed of the acquisitions and advantages of wealth, how many are willing to sacrifice their favorite indulgences and pleasures, in order to possess themselves of something utterly useless and worthless in itself, but to which the capricious fashion of the day has affixed an adventitious importance which renders it absolutely essential. Another folly arising from the same source, is that undue importance which tourists and travellers are apt to affix to unessential differences in the etiquette of fashionable manners. The superior elegance and good breeding displayed in eating an egg from the shell rather than from the glass, has been gravely discussed by an accomplished English writer; and even our favorite Fanny Kemble has committed the folly of animadverting upon the New-Yorkers for "paring their peaches like potatoes." True politeness and elegance of manner is entirely independent of all the frippery and foppery of conventional etiquette. Its essential characteristics are the same in every age and in every country; and truth and sincerity, instead of being enemies (as is sometimes supposed) to the kindly sympathies and social charities of life, are its best supports. Instead of severing the silken chain of courtesy, they serve to knit its links into closer and firmer union.

Perhaps there is no single trait of character or faculty of mind which so pre-eminently distinguishes a great mind from an inferior one as independence of thought and action. It is the grand corner stone of the moral edifice, and the only sure foundation of every virtue. The mind that wavers with the varying breath of public opinion, can have neither stability of principle nor integrity of purpose. But in order to speak and act with sincerity and truth, we must first learn to think with clearness and discrimination. One of the most prominent faults of the present system of education, is, that the *perceptive* faculties are cultivated to the neglect of the *reflective*. There is so much to read, so much to hear, and so much to see, that the mind, constantly occupied in receiving the ideas of others, has seldom leisure to exercise itself in developing its own impressions, or in analyzing, combining, or arranging the floating elements of knowledge which it so freely acquires. The result of this system is a superficial acquaintance with topics which enables a young person to fall into the general tone of intellectual conversation without one genuine opinion or original idea on any subject. The ungathered treasures of wisdom and learning may offer themselves to our grasp; but they will avail us but little if we weakly submit ourselves to the influence of prejudice and authority. Youth is immutable and eternal; but the reign of popular opinion is like an arrow shot through the impressive air, which passes and leaves no trace of its career. Shall we worship the true God or the false? Shall we continue to grope among shadows darker than the shadows of death, when the morning sun is breaking out

in splendor after a night of storms? All are not gifted with penetration to discover those gems of truth that feebly glimmer through the dark waters of prejudice; but all may do something in the case. The humblest intellect may worship truth in sincerity and hope; the most unenlightened may go forth to meet her while she is yet afar off.

The avowed object of social intercourse is mutual instruction and amusement. How much might the attainment of these objects be facilitated by the exercise of that mental and moral independence to which I have referred. What charming traits of individuality, what various and delightful modifications of the human mind would then be developed! Let each individual express his thoughts spontaneously and naturally as they rise and are evolved from the full and overflowing mind. Let each one utter his own genuine reflections and feelings, without a reference to what others think and feel — without the fear of ridicule or the desire of praise; and how delightful, how rich, how salutary would be the result! No false humility or affected reserve, no forward or ostentatious display would then interfere with the direct and natural operations of the intellect; but the delightful intercourse of mind with mind (the most exalted of earthly pleasures) would be characterized by freedom, simplicity, and truth; and, laying aside every shadow of vanity, prejudice, and pretension, all would unite in weaving the pearls of truth into one common chaplet.

HELEN.

TO CAROLINE IN HEAVEN.

NIGHT is around me, Caroline! The stars
Are bright above me, and the moon full orb'd!
Along the glorious plain their viewless cars
Are coursing — countless myriads! Now absorbed
In her commingling splendor; and now bright
In deeper shadows of the solemn night.

Still on, in their eternal course, the glad array,
Their ranks unformed, in bright confusion roll,
And will for ever — night and gaudy day,
Their limit is not, and unbound their goal;
The Persian Magi watched them from afar,
Memphis's dark priest, Chaldee's astrologer.

And I am gazing on them, as they gazed —
Cloudless the sky — noiseless the earth and air,
The blue depth seems like a bright scroll emblazed
And all writ o'er in glorious character;
Could we but read that writing, we might wear
The prophet's mantle, guide his car of fire.

On such a night we watched the rolling spheres,
On such a night we chose us each a star,
On such a night, alas! for fleeting years
We drew the future, — bright as visions are,
Those conscious stars should watch us, and we know
By wane or waxing light of weal or woe.

It was a sweet dream of our earliest years,
That eve's — but long since numbered with the past,
And where we painted rainbow joy — flowed tears;
For where art thou, my Caroline? Full fast
The bright star of thy choice is coursing lone
On heaven's blue verge — even now it sinks — is gone.

So passed thy unstained spirit from its clay,
The bright eye faded and the face grew changed,
The passing loveliness of feature lay
O'er the pale cheek and brow, — still underanged
By Death's eclipsing shadows, but the ray
That made it more than lovely — it has passed away.

And where art thou? I stand upon thy grave,
The wild flowers bloom not — it is autumn time.
Full many a tomb around the moonbeams lave,
Stealing, o'er leaf and marble, like the sound
Of that far music of the rolling spheres
Breathed on the soul's sense to *its* listening ears.

Bright denizen of air! Thy starry road
My raptured thought would follow. Oh! come near
And breathe upon my soul some strain that flowed
From angel harps all tremulous with fear.

I call upon the spirit of my love!
Where'er thou wanderest, hear me from thy heaven;
I call upon thee! From thy throne above
Come to me this sweet even.

G. W. P.

TO THE READER.

WITH this Number concludes the sixth volume of the American Monthly Magazine, and we cannot let it pass from our hands without congratulating our readers and ourselves upon the favorable auspices with which the seventh volume has already commenced. A union has been effected between this periodical and the New-England Magazine, by which the resources of both works are concentrated in one; enabling us thus to give many additional pages, and a much greater variety of matter to our readers. As the year of the New-England Magazine expired in December, and that of the American Monthly in February, it was necessary, in embodying the two publications, to anticipate the commencement of the seventh volume of the American Monthly by two numbers. The first number of the new series has already been a month before our subscribers, and we trust that its appearance and contents have thus far satisfied them with this new arrangement of the proprietor. The second is issued simultaneously with this, and the third number of the new series is already so far advanced as to be delivered punctually on the first of March.

In each of these, and in each succeeding number, may we not confidently hope that they who have thus far sustained the AMERICAN MONTHLY will find something to reward their interest in its past fortunes and strengthen their wishes for its continued prosperity.

The American Monthly Magazine, as now constituted, is no mere experiment, no novel undertaking. To form it are combined Periodicals which have already attained a high reputation and great popular regard.

Of that which gives the title we need hardly say more than that, starting as it did, without a single subscriber, it has long since assumed a permanent place among the periodicals of the day. The last year it has had a large accession of readers and correspondents; and while, from the very first, it has never put forth the name of a contributor as a lure to either writer or reader, or solicited literary or monied patronage in any way whatsoever, except by its contents, many of the ablest minds in the country have quietly made it their medium of communicating with the public, and kept its prosperity continually on the increase.

Of the New-England Magazine, which is now incorporated with it, nine volumes have been published. It was established in July of the year 1831, by J. T. & E. Buckingham, and conducted by them with judgment and ability for more than three years. It was then transferred into other hands, and has since been chiefly under the able editorial charge of Park Benjamin, Esq. During its publication two other journals of a similar character were merged in it — namely, THE AME-

RICAN MONTHLY REVIEW and THE UNITED STATES' MAGAZINE. The former acquired celebrity, both in England and our own country, for its capital reviews and notices of native works. It was established and edited two years by Professor Willard of Harvard University. Not meeting with that success which was due to the talent engaged in its support, it was connected with The New-England Magazine. The United States' Magazine was projected by Park Benjamin and Epes Sargent, Jun., Esqs., and promised fairly to succeed, when it was thought best to combine it also with The New-England.

It has been deemed advisable to unite these two periodicals *under one general title* — both to increase their value to subscribers and to afford a more liberal support to the work. The only difference to present subscribers will consist in the increase of the number of pages and the greater variety of the articles. It will be edited by C. F. Hoffman of New-York, and Park Benjamin of Boston, assisted equally by the talent of both places; and no exertions will be spared to render the work truly *American*, and yet preserve for it an individual character of its own. Assuming the cause of no political party, it will present free discussions and essays on topics of national importance. Awarding to the institutions of other countries their just praise, it will defend and maintain the peculiar excellency of those principles which are the glory of American citizens; nor shall any effort be wanting to make the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE a truly national work, deserving of national support.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JUDGE THACHER'S CHARGE. Judge Thacher's Charges, if printed together, would make a good sized volume. He has been accustomed, during the last half dozen years, on the coming together of a new Grand Jury in the Municipal Court of the city of Boston, over which he presides, to deliver a charge, in which he discussed some particular point of law which had a present interest, arising from recent circumstances or events, and instructed the jurors, who were freshly drawn from among their fellow-citizens, in the duties of their responsible station. Several of these charges have excited no little attention. In style they are graceful and flowing, showing marks of care, and agreeably tinged with classical attainments. We have more than once been reminded by them of the beautiful discourses delivered by Sir William Jones —

in whom was that rare union of the scholar and the lawyer — to the Grand Juries of Calcutta.

The present charge was delivered on the day on which the Municipal Court first assembled in the new Court House, Court-street. The first part of it contains an historical sketch of the Court Houses in Boston, which is replete with antiquarian knowledge and research. The learned Judge next proceeds to consider on what persons the criminal laws should operate, and who are answerable for their violation. Here he considers the nature and degree of insanity which operate as an excuse for crime. This important topic is discussed with ample learning, and an earnest desire for the discovery of truth. An article on this subject in the *American Jurist* for October 1835, as well as several recent trials in the Municipal Court, sug-

gested to Judge Thacher the propriety of considering it. The writer in the *Jurist*, according to Judge Thacher, has betrayed some ignorance of the spirit of the criminal law. In a note to this part of his discourse, Judge Thacher pays a deserved compliment to the "Elements of Medical Jurisprudence," by Dr. Beck of Albany—a work which is generally considered, both in our country and in England, as the best on the subject in the English language. Judge Thacher says that his remarks on individual accountability and guilt were written for his own admonition, as well as for the benefit of the jury. The elegant pamphlet before us has enabled the public to partake of this benefit.

RIENZI, THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.—By E. L. Bulwer. The author of *Pelham* and *Pompeii* has at length produced a work which, without the sparkling entertainment of the first and the brilliant interest of the last of his previous writings, is yet superior in tone and character to any of them. For the first time he appears to have exercised his prolific and powerful pen upon objects and with intentions worthy of his undoubted genius. The pedantry, egotism and sophistry which characterize to such an unfortunate degree the many vigorous and remarkable productions which he seems to have thrown before the public as exhibitions of a genius that could do any thing, and dared do all, are here no longer betrayed in ingenious efforts to dignify a fop, or to canonize a murderer, or to foist the crude but dazzling sophisms of a worldly and half-disciplined mind into the breasts of his bewildered readers. The noble powers of intellect, which none have admired more than they who grieved that they were not exercised in instructing as well as amusing the public, have at last found a glorious field in the subject-matter of this work—a momentous period of history, amid scenes where she has erected her most awful monuments; and with characters which the finest understanding may be well employed in illustrating. In a word, Mr. Bulwer has attempted to do that for the *Popular Principle* which Scott has so beautifully and (alas!) so successfully effected for the Feudal prejudice. He has chosen the period of history where these grand elements of Modern society were first

brought into collision with each other, and taking the Hampden of the south for his hero, he has made the sad story of his fortunes the vehicle of many highly political teachings, which are not the less valuable because they are presented through the medium of a brilliant fiction. The design of the work we consider its highest merit—for though the execution is fully successful, yet no great originality of power is necessary to make a gorgeous and alluring picture of plebeian patriotism where the various accessories are so splendid and striking as those which were at hand to fill up the canvass. But let Mr. Bulwer, if he has now really enlisted his pen in the world's best cause, the cause of the people—the end of securing the greatest good to the greatest number; if he would inspire the love of liberty and country as deeply in the minds of the rising generation, as other writers have succeeded in fixing the love of loyalty and observance of ancient prejudice in their imaginations; let him take a bolder and more open ground, where as yet there is nothing of classic and romantic association to give an adventurous attraction to his theme. Let him take the stern and gallant opposers of despotism in his own country for his heroes, and see if he can do that for the calumniated Republicans of England, which the surpassing genius of Scott has done for the crafty and cruel Stuarts—those perjured traitors to the people, those profligate pensionaries of their country's foe.

The growth of elegant literature in modern times has been for centuries so dependant upon the smiles of royalty and aristocracy for its nurture and promotion, that it is only by recollecting the ennobling influence which the Greek and Latin classics have had upon our unripened fancies that we can estimate how far our early associations are formed by the spirit which generally pervades it. Literature now, however, no longer looks to the countenance of individuals for support. The people at large are its patrons, and he who writes of their struggles, and triumphs, and sacrifices, while he finds as many noble themes as the records of feudal pagantry have ever afforded, will advance the everlasting cause of truth, and entrench himself in the affections of generations yet to come.

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AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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CONTENTS OF No. I., Vol. II., NEW SERIES.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
Public Instruction,	1
Fire Island Ana,	5
To —,	11
Extracts from the Journal of a Mexican Tourist, No. 4,	12
To Lais,	22
The Sciote — <i>A Tale of the Greek Revolution</i> ,	23
To —,	29
Confessions of Jeremiah Dibbs, Histrian,	30
To a Lady,	36
The Truth of History — <i>Enquiry concerning the guilt of Catherine Howard</i> ,	37
Song,	48
The Auto-Biography of Washington Wilding,	49
Legend of San Domingo de la Calzada,	56
The Treason of Ganelon,	61
Drake's Poems,	65

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Linwoods,	79
The Life of Washington, in Latin,	80

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THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1935.

CONTENTS OF No. II., Vol. II., NEW SERIES.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
Joan of Arc,	81
Sonnet,	87
American Battle Song,	88
Scenes in the Levant,	89
The Treason of Ganelon,	99
Le Croix D'Honneur,	103
Letters from France,	105
Stanzas — on revisiting Pere-la-Chaise,	110
Epigram,	111
The Sciote,	112
Lines,	120
The Passage of the Red Sea,	121
The Last British Tourist,	125
Love Surviving Misfortune,	143
The Jesuits,	144
The Page of Love,	153
The Soldier,	154
The Delaware Water-Gap,	155
The Hues of Autumn,	157

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Legends of a Log Cabin,	158
Revista Mexicana,	158
Ship and Shore,	159
Sketches of the West,	159
Theatre	159

Communications intended for the Editors of the American Monthly, if directed to the publishing office, No. 38 Gold-street, through the Post-office, or otherwise, will find their destination.

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THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1935.

CONTENTS OF No. III., Vol. II., NEW SERIES.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
The Characters of the Iliad	161
The Princess Jeanne	168
The Treason of Ganelon	169
Scenes in the Levant	174
Lines on a Bank Note	183
Vesuvius	184
Jerusalem	189
Extracts from the Journal of a Mexican Tourist	195
Serenade	212
Essay on Painting	213
Lines to a Lady	220
Nights in an Indian Lodge	221
Nannabozho	223
American Novel Writers	228
Episode, from Ariosto	237

LITERARY NOTICES.

Letters from the South	238
Moore's Lectures	238
Mephistopheles	238
Potter's Euripides	239
Picturesque Beauties of the Hudson	239
Hall's Western Sketches	239
Zinzendorf	240

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CONTENTS OF No. IV., Vol. II., NEW SERIES.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
Condition and Prospects of the Art of Painting in the U. S.	241
On the Death of a fair Girl	247
The Treason of Ganelon	248
Joan of Arc.—The Coronation	253
The Callicoon in Autumn	260
Scenes in the Levant	263
The Consumptive	269
Extracts from the Journal of a Mexican Tourist, No. VI.	270
Song of the Texian Hunters	283
Tamina	284
Home Sickness—from the German of Agnes Franz	289
My Familiar	290
To a Flower Girl abroad	294
Public Instruction	295
Pauline, or Diplomacy eighty years ago	302
Characters of the Iliad	310
Sonnet	316
Song	316

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

The Rambler in North America	317
Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers	318
Notices of the War of 1812	318
Good's Study of Medicine	319
Drake's Poems	319
Carey on Wages	319
Theatre	320

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CONTENTS OF No. V., Vol. II., NEW SERIES.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
Extracts from the Journal of a Mexican Tourist, No. V.	321
Stanzas	330
The Man with the Cloaks	331
Pauline	343
The Greeting	365
The Treason of Ganelon	367
English Auxiliaries	374
'Squire Jock	380
The Fratricide's Death	389
Turkish Gallantry	394
Lines from the German	397

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Southwest, by a Yankee	399
Paul Ulric	400

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CONTENTS OF No. VI., Vol. II., NEW SERIES.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	PAGE
The Fortunes of the Maid of Arc—The Capture	401
To Ornithologists	410
The Cruise of the Venus	411
Song	418
Journal of a Mexican Tourist—Conclusion	419
Fragment	436
Translations from the Medea of Euripides	437
Description of Lima	432
Pauline : or Diplomacy 80 years ago—Conclusion	438
Impromptu	460
Mary Stuart's Song. From the German of Schiller	461
Lord Brougham's Discourse	462
The Light of Peace	471
A brief Argument for Womanly Independence	472
To Caroline in Heaven	476
To the Reader	473

LITERARY NOTICES.

Judge Thatcher's Charge to the Municipal Court of the City of Boston	479
Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes	480

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